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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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British Dominions in the Pacific

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. Volume VII. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. *Part I: Australia,* $7. *Part II: New Zealand,* $3.50.

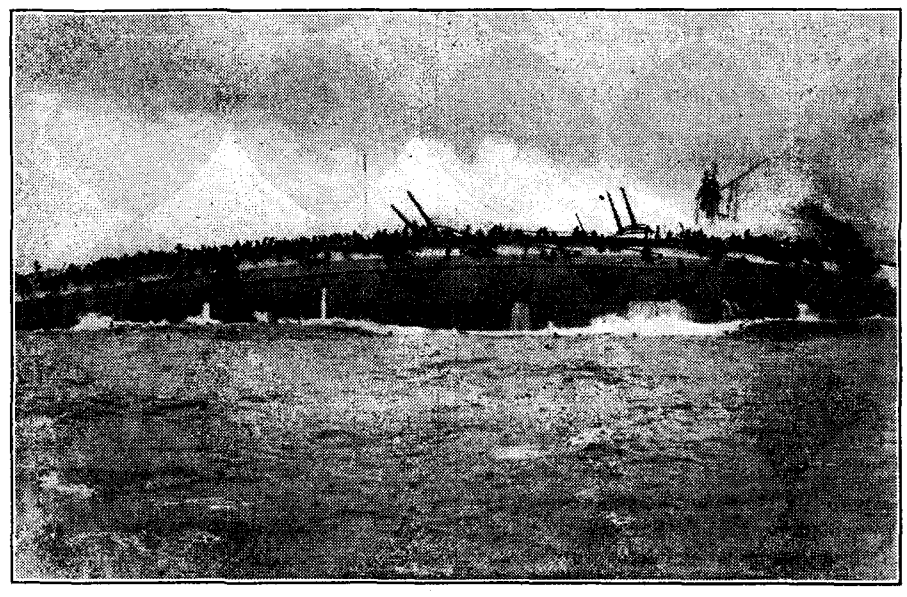
Reviewed by AUSTIN HAY

AUSTRALIA, practically the same size as the United States but with a population of only six and a half millions, has much in common with the American Republic. There we find a democracy of the same Anglo-Saxon origin, the same attitude of a colonial people working toward independence of the mother country, and the same disbelief in caste and privilege. Australia, too, has grown from a purely agrarian economy to one in which industry carried on by private enterprise has raised the most important problems that remain to be solved. Australian government, moreover, has the same federal basis as that of the United States, for when the six colonies (New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania) thirty-three years ago became united as the States of the Commonwealth of Australia, it was under a constitution reserving to them full sovereign rights and producing the same conflicts of authority. But here the similarities end. Australia's physical peculiarities, its remoteness on the farther side of the Pacific, the social philosophy developed by an aggressive pioneering people, and the remarkable power exerted by the Labor Party are only some of the influences that have given Australian history its special interest and significance.

That history may be said to begin with the task which the newly won independence of the American colonies thrust upon the British Government in compelling it to find some other country to which convicts might be sent. Australia having been selected for the purpose, the "First Fleet" arrived on January 26, 1788, at what is today the city of Sydney. There Captain Phillip, in the name of King George III, took possession of the new land, and established the first penal settlement. But the growing clamor of the free settlers ultimately forced the British Government to cease transporting the surplus population of its jails to Australia. Later, when the real tide of immigration set in, what was left of the original convict element was gradually submerged, so that today there are very few Australians who bear the "birth stain," as Kipling called it.

From 1788 to the gold discoveries of the eighteen-fifties, the colonists' greatest energies were expended on the exploration of the country, the opening up of wide expanses for grazing, and the development of the wool industry. Though governors sent out from England ruled in autocratic fashion, the dominant class was the "squattocracy," consisting of those able to obtain virtual possession of vast areas for sheep and cattle "stations" (ranches). The first great change came with the gold discoveries. A new race of adventurers swarming in from all parts of the world led to the first large increase in population, and this in turn gave rise to agitation for a more equitable distribution of the land. After a bitter struggle a new class of farmers, aided by the growing urban population, arose to challenge the power of the "sheep kings," to demand

(*Continued on page 27*)



"ABANDON SHIP!" From "The First World War"

Lest We Forget*

The editors of the Saturday Review, *instead of securing the usual review by a single individual of "The First World War," submitted the book to the following representative group of persons for comment.*

THIS book is a collection of photographs of incidents of the World War, selected by Laurence Stallings, who knows war by sad experience and can have no illusions about it. The World War was not romantic. The day has passed for the plumed knight; for "Sheridan twenty miles away"; for "a million men springing to arms over night"; and nothing is gained by representing war in any personal way. The true epic of the war is the story of a great nation, wholly unprepared for war, shaking off the shackles of an unwarlike tradition, and becoming a military giant. It is a saga of facts and figures, not of flag-waving. The only flag-waving in this war was done by those who stayed at home. No flags wave on a modern battle field; they would at once mark the line of troops, which would be overwhelmed by an artillery barrage. Modern war is team work between all elements of the nation; its story is the recital of the anonymous figures of killed and wounded; its prototype is The Unknown Soldier; and as its aftermath, the Bonus Expeditionary Forces replaces the A. E. F.

It is of the utmost importance that the facts and consequences of war should be put before our legislators and those in executive government positions, without glamor; with stark realism. They will be less likely to involve the United States in international matters with which we have no real concern.

GENERAL PEYTON C. MARCH.

General Peyton C. March, who first won his spurs in the Spanish-American War, at the end of the World War was General and Chief-of-Staff of the United States Army, the holder of the D. S. C. and the D. S. M., and the recipient of a large number of foreign decorations.

* *

THE photographic history of "The First World War" will appeal, I believe, particularly to battle soldiers of that war, because the views obviously are genuine. No other collection of war photographs I have seen is free from views purporting to be battle snapshots, that to the eye of the experienced soldier obviously are not snapshots taken in battle.

The collection is no work of art. That circumstance, however, rather adds to its acceptability in view of the purpose of its preparation, which is to present a pictorial review of the war without recourse to photographic fiction.

JOHN F. O'RYAN.
Major General U. S. Army (Res.)

Major-General John F. O'Ryan, a lawyer by profession and just named for the fusion nomination for mayor of New York by a group of citizens, was commander of the Twenty-seventh division in the World War. He was awarded the D. S. M. by the United States and decorations by France, England, and Italy.

* *

May I thank you for the copy of "The First World War" which came in time to be displayed in our booth at the International Congress of Women in Chicago last week? At present the book is in the Women's International League headquarters and is attracting a good deal of attention.

I do not know what to say about it because I am not sure that the horrors of war are a deterring influence. I think the book is wonderfully well done both in technique and the selection of photographs.

JANE ADDAMS.

Chicago, Ill.

Jane Addams, who years ago made Hull House in Chicago famous, is one of the leading pacifists of the country.

* *

I FEEL that the editor and publishers of "The First World War" deserve all credit for having brought out so moving and so truthful a volume. It is impossible for me to understand how anyone can question the propriety of such a work. War flourishes because the horrible deceit and lying which are of its essence in wartime also conspire to hide the facts about it in time of peace. Oncoming generations surely have the right to see the photographs which record war just as it is in all its unredeemed wickedness and brutality. They are to be the next victims. They are surely entitled to know just exactly what lies in store for them. The militarists who oppose the publication of the foul obscenity of the whole proceeding do so because they know that the institution of war could not survive if its immeasurable cruelty were

(*Continued on next page*)

* *THE FIRST WORLD WAR. A Photographic History, edited with an Introduction and Captions by Laurence Stallings. New York: Simon & Schuster.* 1933. $3.50.

A Human Spirit

SELECTED LETTERS OF GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. With an introduction by Walter de la Mare. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933.
SELECTED POEMS OF GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. The same.

Reviewed by JOHN ERSKINE

THESE letters, chiefly to his students, are perhaps as good a portrait as we are likely to get of a great teacher, the most persuasive guide to noble literature whom I ever had the privilege of following. In Woodberry's generation there were other beloved professors, and there are many now, but he taught with an authority which is difficult to describe to those who did not sit in his classroom. These letters to some extent explain it.

To many scholars imaginative literature is only one of the graces of life, and their studies in books are only a professional occupation, an interest for their working hours, which at other times they can step out of. For Woodberry literature was life itself. It could be written, he thought, by those who were steeped in life, and by no one else; on the other hand, he was concerned with life only in those eternal aspects which are the star dust of poetry. He who would do laudable things in poetry, Milton said, must himself be a true poem. Woodberry believed the doctrine, and his work and his life were of a piece.

We were aware of this unity when he entered his class room. Other men, more obviously brilliant, gave us lectures on literature, illuminating it from the outside. He made you feel that he was using an opportunity to speak to his fellow man about what was most in his thoughts at all moments, and nearest his heart. His teaching was the overflow of a life-long preoccupation.

Because his reading was in material which he loved, and because he had long ago made it the essence of himself, he could hold us with that kind of charm which belongs to what is sincere and real. I hope it is not simply my admiration and gratitude which make me think that those

This Week

LIFE IN LESU
By HORTENSE POWDERMAKER
Reviewed by Robert Briffault

CHARLES LAMB AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES
By EDMUND BLUNDEN
Reviewed by Louis Kronenberger

THE BALLAD OF "AMMUNITION JONES"
By LEONARD BACON

THE FOLDER
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

FALL OF THE INCA EMPIRE
By PHILIP AINSWORTH MEANS
Reviewed by Herbert I. Priestley

TOWARD THE NEW SPAIN
By JOSEPH A. BRANDT
Reviewed by Harriet de Onis

ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY
By ALBERT M. NEWMAN
Reviewed by Louis Rich

Next Week or Later

REVIEWS OF NEW WORKS by H. M. Tomlinson, Louis Bromfield, A. S. M. Hutchinson, and others.

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who did not know him will find that charm in these letters.

He was a generous and scrupulous correspondent, answering the greeting of friend or stranger with a courtesy which we call old-world, but which is unusual in any world. Writing was so natural a passion with him that he could not scribble; his briefest note was somehow choice. The beauty of these letters is extraordinary.

Yet there's no doubt at all that he had no expectation of such a collection as this. He probably would have shuddered at the thought. These intimate missives were carefully wrought only because all expression was for him an art, and even his conversation was distinguished. As I read these pages, I hear him talking.

All letters should be burnt, he told me, on one of the last occasions when he was talking freely, cigar in hand, with a slow smile playing about his lips. He went on:

> Letters do harm. At least they can embarass you. When the Boston writers were founding their Authors' Club, years ago, they asked my advice, and I suggested three rules—that so-and-so should be the first President, that they have a house of their own, instead of meeting around in each other's homes, and that women be not admitted, except in a condition of servitude. I meant [he explained] there should be no authoresses, but scrub-women might enter the premises on their appropriate errands. Well, a month ago the Club gave me a reception, and I was having a beautiful time, in spite of the fact that they now elect women members, when two of the ladies spoiled the evening for me by leading me to a framed manuscript on the wall, and it was that old letter of mine. It was a perfectly horrid experience!

I wish that letter were in this collection.

I wish the editors had included also the superb letters to J. E. Spingarn, upon his leaving Columbia. I suppose it was thought tactless to revive an old academic row, but quite aside from the merits of the quarrel, those letters show the dynamic side of Woodberry's character, a side which for some

ITALY: FAREWELL TO ARMS

work before the public.

This moral power shows itself, however, in one letter, written in his youth, which fortunately is included. It was addressed to Charles Eliot Norton, while Woodberry was in college, a poor boy, struggling to keep body and soul together. But he had found another boy less fortunate than himself, and he was trying to send him to Exeter. For manliness and clear thinking, as well as for beauty of phrasing, that letter can stand, I fancy, against anything any sophomore ever wrote. This manliness and shrewd wisdom is illustrated also in his letter to Melville Cane, in 1901, when the question of rare prejudice showed its mean head in the newly formed Columbia University Club.

Mr. De la Mare comments also on the note of discouragement in some of the letters, the admission that his poems and essays were less and less read, that a new world of writers was springing up, in which he had no place. Woodberry had sufficient reason to lose heart. When the New Poetry announced itself, in 1912 or thereabouts, it became a formula with them, who pretended not to favor clichés, to point up their belated discovery of the muse with some slighting remark about Woodberry's verse. To make room for themselves, they first had to kill off him and the tradition he represented.

His amazing interest in young writers and in new schools is evident enough in this volume, but the newcomers whom he had taught us to expect and welcome, signalized their arrival, as often as not, by some slighting reference which cut and left a scar. Except in his letters, he never showed how hard he had been hit, but he grew silent at last, and abandoned all hope of reaching his audience.

Even in his letters, he does not mention his disappointment unless the subject has first been brought up by his correspondent. Much of what he says would take new light from what he is replying to. In 1911 I was worrying about him, like many another of his students, because at the slightest excuse he retired to Italy or Africa, instead of writing the poetry which our times needed. Wanting to say this, I wrote some lines "To a Poet in the Mediterranean," and sent them to him.

He replied in the beautiful but very sad letter which is included in this volume.

> I am unhappy here, and the country has not the least use for me, or my books, or for poetry at all; and the only instrumentality that counts here is money, and I have not got it. So you are quite right in thinking that I seem to be withdrawing, hope lessens, years are at hand; and my instinct is (and if I had any money, this is what I should spend it for) to go off, off, off, and live my own dream and write my poems and leave the blossom under the tree in some land where there is spring. It seems to me more and more to live for beauty that my heart yearns for; and I am homesick for some land where beauty is at home, and not as here a tolerated intruder.

The letter closes with the note of courage which he always had for us if not for himself, but what I have quoted was written out of his heart, and now that the self-elected pilots of the New Poetry, the free-versifiers and the rest, have pretty well scuttled their ship with their incompetence and their animosities, I rather think their most lasting memorial is in such damage as this, to the older poets with whom they collided.

Of course it was not practical to publish all of Woodberry's letters, yet I wish the collection were

The present selection, however, is intelligent and representative. I miss the long poem "Agathon," one of my favorites in American verse, and I think "Wild Eden," another favorite, gains if read complete and in its original order. But the magnificent sonnets on Gibraltar are here, and those on England and America, and there are excellent quotations from the sequence "Ideal Passion," which in spite of Woodberry's fear for his fame, gathers new admirers every year.

And there's the unforgettable sonnet "On a Portrait of Columbus," which serves well enough as a portrait of the Woodberry his boys knew.

> Was this his face, were these the finding eyes
> That plucked a new world from the rolling seas?
> Who, serving Christ, whom most he sought to please,
> Willed the great vision till he saw arise
> Man's other home and earthly paradise—
> His early thought since first with stalwart knees
> He pushed the boat from his young olive trees,
> And sailed to wrest the secret of the skies?
> He on the waters dared to set his feet,
> And through believing planted earth's last race.
> What faith in man must in our new world beat,
> Thinking how once he saw before his face
> The west and all the host of stars retreat
> Into the silent infinite of space!

Lest We Forget

(*Continued from preceding page*)

brought home to all. Mr. Stallings's immensely clever editing has produced a far less revolting volume than some already published. He writes in his foreword that pacifists will be disappointed that there are not more gruesome pictures included. He is mistaken so far as this one is concerned; his restraint makes the volume extraordinarily effective. On that ground alone can its publication be protested.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

Oswald Garrison Villard, cradled in the tradition of a family which had a large part in bringing on the Civil War, has all his life been an avowed pacifist, though, paradoxically enough, he is something of a military expert.

FIELD OF HONOR

Photographs on this page are from "The First World War"

ONLY a few of the myriad photographs [illegible] this visual record of wide range to which students of the written record may turn to freshen their sense of the realities.

Under unbiased editorship the camera speaks as an honest witness rather than a propagandic liar; the lens becomes a throat that shouts the truth. You hear the groans of the wounded as well as the cheers and martial music. The soldier in the passion of the flesh may see his skeleton marching at his elbow. While this book endures we shall have before us not only the infectious appeal of the brave sweep of mass man-power but the slaughter at the journey's end.

I regret that the photographs which were suppressed in war time could not be so designated. One day I hope we shall have a book of censored and uncensored photographs on opposite pages: the lure and its mask off revealing the leering demon.

FREDERICK PALMER.

Few men have known war from more angles than Frederic Palmer, who began a life-long service as war correspondent during the Greek struggle of 1897. From that time on wherever war was on a large scale, Mr. Palmer was to be found reporting it, again and again at imminent risk to his life. An autobiographical record of his experiences is about to appear.

TO anyone confronted by these actual photographs, the rotting corpses may be no more than mildly gruesome. But the starved child of those war years, its belly sagging with undischarged spleen, its great head dully teetering on its ricketty neck, lives on not only in the photograph but in tenements of the cities of the world. And as what a reminder to the misled followers of imperialist flags that while billions of dollars in human labor were furrowing the earth for destruction, children of clerks and of workers who had produced that wealth were being twisted into freaks for want of bread and milk!

And England's silk-hatted gentry exhorting young men to go out and die and the smugly vicious American woman patriot proudly carrying her placard, "'I was born in 1863. The spirit of war surrounded me. Now the spirit of war has come again. And I have a son with THE FIGHTING MEN!" deepen the realization that it will take more than peace conferences and pacifism to dispel the threat in the title of this collection of photographs—"The First World War."

The book makes a vivid, comprehensive story of 1914-18. The photographs are amazingly well done and Laurence Stallings's arrangement of them is excellent.

THOMAS BOYD.

Some of the most vivid portrayal of modern warfare in its incidence on the men who wage it has come from Thomas Boyd. His own experience as a member of the United States Marine Corps during the World War found effective literary expression in such books as "Through the Wheat" and "The Dark Cloud."

[illegible] nothing, if one goes at it as a "graphic aid to history." But it is not a "graphic aid to history." There will be aids more graphic and more historical than this one. It is a work of irony. Each caption is a bit of propaganda. Its name, "The *First* World War," implies a next one. "Here's what you're going to get," it cries to Youth. 'See if you like it!"

It is a journalist's book. The journalist sets down the facts, gives facts on both sides of a question—and in the process loses all illusions. But the irony of journalism is that no matter how clear the sight of the man who acts as eyes and ears for the public, his disillusion seldom carries over to his readers. They discount truth. They fit the facts to their own prejudices. The men who arranged these pictures were disillusioned men. The captions explain the steps in their disillusionment and not the pictures. They've seen through war. They've set the facts down. Who runs may read. And yet their readers, who must be the young, because we of the war generation want no more of such things, the young, I suspect, will look at these pictures with a little thrill of horror, a little goose-flesh rising along their spines, but withal a secret inkling that there was something glorious and glamorous in marching forth to die. "Could we do it?" they'll ask themselves. And secretly they'll know that grandeur is no further from theirs than it was from our dust.

In the midst of a world that has no job for them, that asks them only to sit supine while they grow poor and poorer, can we blame them if they yearn, secretly, for an age that yelled to Youth, even in insanity, "We need you!"

MARY LEE.

Mary Lee, whose "It's a Great War," shared the prize offered jointly a few years ago by the American Legion and the Atlantic Monthly Company for the best American novel on the war, was before the Armistice a Red Cross worker in France, and after it, in occupied Germany.

ALL that can be done with the visual sense to give the reader of this book a personal experience of warfare has been accomplished. The photograph editing is

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superb and Mr. Stallings's captions little less than miraculous. Only the stench and the nerve shattering sounds that accompany war are lacking to bring about a complete vicarious recall of the first World War. To me these pages prove conclusively that the economic theory of history is the bunk; that nationalism was, and continues to be, a potent "religion" for which men are willing to commit suicide en masse, and that those who think that the affairs of this man-infested planet are to be settled by woolly doctors of logic on a junket to Geneva are sick in the head. Have a look at these pages and telegraph your Congressman to vote for the biggest and best navy of all. It isn't nearly so messy at sea, and, in the meanwhile, the boys can see what is left of the world. The happy expressions on the beautiful faces in these pages show how enjoyable the century of progress has been. HERVEY ALLEN.

Hervey Allen, whose name is before the public at the moment as the author of an impressive picaresque novel, "Anthony Adverse," served as midshipman in the United States navy from 1909-1910, was with the infantry on the Mexican border in 1916, and was wounded in action in France in 1918.

British Dominions

(*Continued from first page*)

representative institutions and democratic government, and to work for those various forms of State aid and labor legislation which have gained for Australia its reputation as a land of socialistic experiment.

Not the least curious feature of Australian development has been the disproportionate growth of the cities. Today out of its 6,500,000 inhabitants over 3,000,000 are congregated in the capitals of the six States. One effect of this has been that, despite Australia's being chiefly dependent upon its exports of wool and other primary products, manufacturing has advanced far more rapidly than would be expected in an essentially agrarian economy. This has been particularly the case in Victoria where a protective tariff, adopted as long ago as 1866, was the first expression of the tendency toward economic nationalism which has been as persistent in Australia as in any other country of the world.

But the urge to make Australia nationally self-sufficient has other causes. As the colonists realized the promise that its natural resources held out and decided that here they could establish a pleasant and prosperous homeland, they became increasingly nervous about the isolation of the island continent and insistent that they must be able to protect themselves if they were to keep Australia a white man's country. The "White Australia" policy, often described as the Australian religion, is largely due to the Labor Party's efforts to prevent competition by Asiatics willing to accept low wages. Australian nationalism, of which exclusion of the colored races is thus a basic principle, actually means more than socialism to the Labor Party and helps to explain why that party has so often been in control of both the Federal and the State governments. On the other hand, Australian nationalism has not yet gone so far as to advocate breaking away from the mother country, still less to make any definite move for secession, though many Australians feel that the day must come when they will form an independent nation. Meanwhile, there is not only the London bankers' grip on Australian finance and industry to be reckoned with; the fear of Japanese aggression also engenders an uneasy feeling as to what might happen if Australia were no longer within the British Empire.

It is for the light thrown on the origin and growth of these and other trends in Australian life and politics that Part I of the new volume of the "Cambridge History of the British Empire"—the joint work of a group of outstanding Australian scholars and authorities in their respective fields—is to be recommended. In similar manner and with equal competence, Part II deals with the history of the other Australasian self-governing dominion, New Zealand. Here again we find a people almost entirely British in origin, fashioning for itself a democratic system and experimenting along socialistic lines. But New Zealand so far contents itself with being for the most part an agrarian society, and in consequence has been spared the bitter strife which industrial problems have brought to Australia. New Zealand, indeed, in the last generation or two, has gradually become sedately conservative in its political and social life and perhaps the most placid of all countries in its everyday existence.

* *

Austin Hay, who is now engaged as an editor in the United States, was originally an Australian newspaper correspondent and editor.

Carryall

AN AMERICAN OMNIBUS. Edited by Carl Van Doren. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.75.

IF ever an omnibus volume is a welcome contrivance it is at a time like the present, when the intending vacationer wants literature to tuck into his bag, wants variety in his supply of reading matter, and wants that reading matter in small compass. This latest anthology, which is set up from the original plates of the material it contains and presents therefore variety in appearance as well as in content, should prove a most satisfactory companion for anyone in search of entertainment rather than information. It includes five chapters of recent history from Mr. Frederick L. Allen's "Only Yesterday," but with this exception is confined to fiction, poetry, and drama. Of these there is a tempting and excellent selection, beginning with Booth Tarkington's "Alice Adams," and following on through such recent classics as Don Marquis's "archy and mehitabel," Robert Nathan's "Autumn," Edwin Justus Mayer's "Children of Darkness," short stories by Ring Lardner, Dorothy Parker, Sherwood Anderson, Ernest Hemingway, poetry by Elinor Wylie, the Benéts, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Robert Frost, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and other similarly notable writers. The volume contains the first publication in book form of Sinclair Lewis's "Ring Around a Rosy." The selection of poetry which it includes was made by Mark Van Doren. No one having it need lack for good reading matter.

"The poet Horace, who claimed that he had produced for himself a monument more lasting than brass, would have been interested in the memorial to Lenin which is to be erected at Minsk," says the *Manchester Guardian*. "This is to be a statue of rustless steel, which will be called 'Lenin on the Tribune.' 'Lenin on the Sideboard' —or 'Lenin à la Bathroom'—sounds like an alternative and irreverent title, for the material selected smacks slightly of cutlery or chromium-plating. Short of such a fate it certainly sounds the kind of memorial that might be described as more lasting than brass—a truly polished and imperishable tribute."

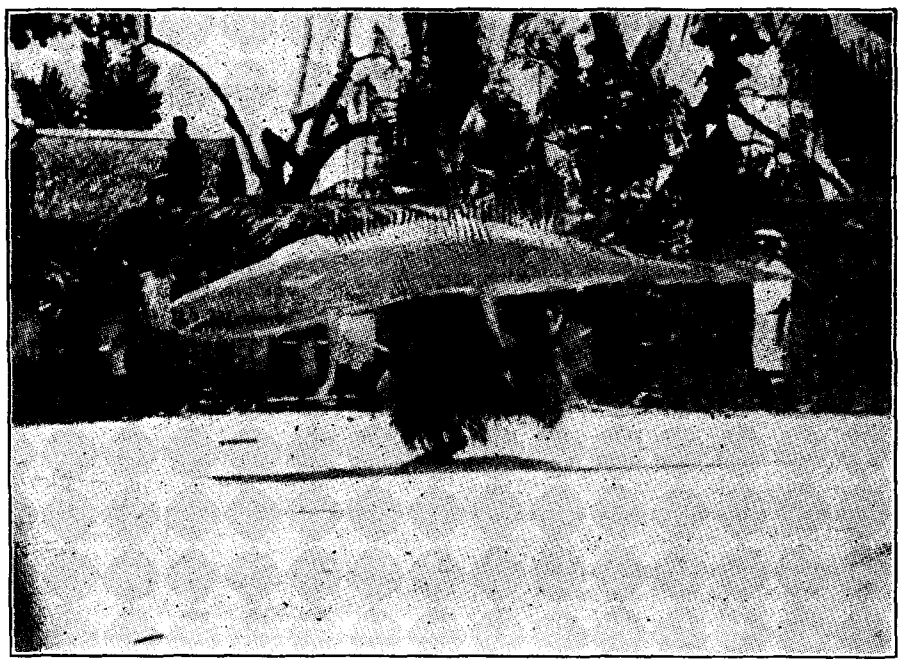
A Happy Hunting Ground of Science

LIFE IN LESU, THE STUDY OF A MELANESIAN SOCIETY IN NEW IRELAND. By Hortense Powdermaker. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1933. $4.

Reviewed by ROBERT BRIFFAULT

THE islands to the north of New Guinea, a region known as northern Melanesia, are one of the few portions of this overcrowded planet where the native population still retains some characters of "savage" or "primitive" society, as it is loosely called. They have accordingly become the happy hunting ground of the field anthropologist.

It would be a most desirable practice, which has never been adopted, if it were made a rule to include in every anthropological monograph as exact an account as is possible of the extent of the European contacts of the people studied. The village of Lesu, where Dr. Hortense Powdermaker spent ten months, consists of some one hundred huts straggling for over three miles on the southeastern seashore of New Ireland, and has a population of 232. It has two churches, one Catholic chapel, with schoolhouse and quarters for the priest, and another a Methodist chapel. The natives have for some time been used to working on cocoanut plantations under both German and British employers. Many of them can speak some more or less intelligible pidgin English. They wear, when in the presence of Europeans, Manchester goods, and when they have to go some distance commonly ride bicycles. Nevertheless they present perhaps as typical a specimen of a "primitive" society as is anywhere to be found today. It can definitely be stated that they are, in their social relations, several degrees more "primitive" than the Trobrianders, about 400 miles to the southeast, of which Professor Malinowski has given a well known and picturesque account.



CROCODILE FIGURE IN DANCE. FROM "LIFE IN LESU"

Those who are curious of such matters may recall that the chief interest of Professor Malinowski, to whom Dr. Powdermaker's book is admiringly dedicated, lay in endeavoring to show that, although Trobriand society is not founded on family relationships, but on clan relationships, the family—the paternal family, or as Professor Lowie terms it, the "bilateral" family — is nevertheless, as all decent European tradition requires that it should be, the true "foundation of society."

Dr. Hortense Powdermaker has done her best, in her able study of Lesu society, to confirm Professor Malinowski's views, by stressing as much as possible sacred family ties, but her admirably conscientious and modestly objective report, while less imaginative than Professor Malinowski's, is not calculated to strengthen his thesis.

A Lesuan girl is normally "betrothed" at birth or in tender infancy by her mother's brother to some male infant. At the first signs of puberty, about the age of eleven, a feast is held, which is followed within a month by the marriage feast. This consists of an exchange of food and presents between the clans of the "bride" and "bridegroom." But the latter do not take any part in the proceedings and are totally unconcerned with them, and cohabitation of the children does not necessarily take place, if at all, until they are older. The girl is free to go into the bush with any boys. The word which is translated "marriage" means "eating together." The arrangement is purely one of economic convenience. Separation, which is extremely frequent, takes place almost exclusively on economic grounds. The women have absolute sexual freedom; they have as many lovers as they please.

Marriage is invariably matrilocal, that is, the husband leaves the hamlet where his clan lives and takes up his abode in his wife's hamlet, only returning to his people for tribal ceremonies and, after he is dead, for burial. Until quite lately every man had at least two wives, and led a double life, visiting them alternately in their respective abodes. Some women have two husbands. Children always remain, on separation of the couple, with their mother. The father does not count as a relative, kinship being purely matrilinear. Should he wish to make a present to one of "his" children, say a wedding gift, the child's mother pays him for it, for it is very bad form to accept presents from strangers without acknowledgment. A man is not admitted to his wife's house when she is pregnant or is nursing. If she is engaged with a lover, the husband sleeps at the men's clubhouse.

Dr. Powdermaker's account agrees in all particulars with every reliable report we have from the northern Melanesian region. It exactly applies to Dobu or to New Britain. Neither Professor Malinowski's suggestions, nor Professor Lowie's assertion that "the bilateral family is universal" receives from it the slightest support. Neither sentimentally, nor "functionally," nor linguistically, nor in anv other manner are the relations of the husband to wife or children of recognized social importance. Even if they be supposed to be far more important than they in reality are, even making the widest allowance for inaccuracies of knowledge one way or another, it could not by any stretch of imagination be supposed that if, at any former time, the "bilateral family" had been the original basis of social organization it could have so completely lost that importance as to leave no more traces in the social, sentimental, institutional, moral, and linguistic structure than are to be found in Lesu, or in any other part of Melanesia, or of incult society anywhere. To say that the kinship of every child to a mother and father is a biological fact, or that the family group of papa, mama, and baby is sometimes a visible fact, is not to the point. In order to prove that the paternal family is the original foundation of society, it must be proved that it is recognized as such in social organization. That is conspicuously not the case in the lower societies.

The controverted question is of fundamental importance to the social thinker. For upon the view taken of the structural origins and foundations of human society and of the factors, economic or psychological, which have determined it, may be said to depend all subsequent estimates on social structure, that is, the whole of sociological science. Dr. Hortense Powdermaker's book contains much other valuable information on economics which it would take too long to discuss here. Although it furnishes no startling addition to our knowledge, and has not the literary picturesqueness of Professor Malinowski's accounts, it is an extremely honest, thorough, and intelligent piece of work, and a very valuable contribution to anthropological data. It is for the comparative anthropologist to make use of such data in an equally scientific spirit.

* *

Robert Briffault is a writer on philosophy and social anthropology who until after the war, through which he served with the British army, was a practising surgeon. He is best known to the general public by his exhaustive study, "The Mothers."

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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GEORGE STEVENS
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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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The Eclipse of Certainty

Even the well-informed man today is frankly at a loss. He is quite obviously unable to keep up with the intricate problems and the complex political adjustments which a world floundering in the slough of despond begets. Of necessity he abrogates his habit of certainty. The best he can do is to hope. Fetishes established in his mind are attacked all about him. What erstwhile he accepted as gospel now lies suspect in the house of its friends. Into the discard with the prosperity of pre-depression years has gone his sureness as to the rights or wrongs of tariff barriers, the necessity of the gold standard, the advisability of closer internationalism, even his conception of the proper powers of the presidency. Formerly he held sturdily to his faith in these matters; now his faith admits of a doubt.

What so suddenly and unexpectedly has happened to his opinions in the world of public affairs has taken place, though more slowly, in his attitude toward matters of morality and the arts. Only the most extreme of the conservatives have been able to stand unshaken under the assault of latter-day codes of behavior. The new freedom of social conduct, horrifying to the conventional and perturbing even to the liberal when the "younger generation" of the twenties first startled their elders by portraying it in novel and story, has taken its toll of old-fashioned morality by wresting from it the belief that good is good and ill is ill without exception. The pious righteousness of the Victorians has yielded to the knowledge that impulses and inclinations, once suppressed or sidestepped, are universal. Hence there has developed uncertainty as to how to define right or wrong. In matters of social conduct, as in political beliefs, the thinking man of today is no longer prepared positively to assert the absoluteness of his conclusions.

With literature and the arts he finds himself in the same frame of mind. Here, too, hallowed tradition no longer seems an indisputable index of worth. Out of the extravagances of the new poetry and the new fiction, out of the interpretation of the new psychology, out of modernism in architecture, music, and art has sprung, even on the part of their opponents, at least a tolerance of experiment which betokens a willingness to disavow the immutability of the established. An open mind, a mind hesitant to insist on certitude, has become an article of the intelligent man's creed.

Elasticity of mind is, of course, a virtue of high degree. But something is lost when passionate partisanship of beliefs disappears. The Victorian age, which had little flexibility in its standards of judgment, and which had faults galore, had an enormous propulsive power in the positiveness with which it held to its convictions. To it, right was right, wrong was wrong, and empire was empire wherever it was flung. That was the long and the short of it, and a Parnell could go down to defeat on it or a sepoy be shot from the mouth of a cannon because of it. We got away from the idea of the sanctity of the empire during the war years, and standards of social morality have since grown less hidebound. Now in these parlous times, when an old order is passing and the order still to be born has as yet no sharply defined lineaments, we have come to a point of perplexity where the part of wisdom seems to be to hold to no theories with inflexibility. There still remains one conviction, however, to which society can, indeed, must, subscribe unreservedly if civilization is to be saved. That is the belief in a future for the world sufficiently happier than its present to justify the discarding of even passiontely cherished practices and convictions.

Back to the Three-Decker

Can it be that there is a direct relation between the length of books and the existence of the depression? Or is it mere accident that in these days when business still continues to spawn unwelcome idleness novels should have taken to piling up an ungodly number of pages? It has been the habit in the past to ascribe the enormous popularity of the magazine in America in a measure at least to the hurry of the American, to the fact that he has been so occupied with business or pleasure, so constantly flitting about on train or boat or car on one or the other, that reading on any extensive scale has been difficult of accomplishment. Now of a sudden travel and amusements have become too expensive luxuries to be indulged in, business itself has slackened in intensity, and leisure all at once is seeking for entertainment. Time is more plentiful than in many a long year for consecutive reading. As in the days when novels were comparatively few, the public may again think nothing of attacking a three-decker. And if it forms a habit for more ample stories the effect upon our literature may be interesting.

In recent years there has entered into American fiction a clamant tone, that is part protest against untoward conditions, part a challenge to the attention of a presumably preoccupied reader. When American novelists, immediately after the war years, began disburdening themselves of the spleen which disillusionment and disappointment had developed, an edge came into their writing. The drive of their style carried over into work less charged with feeling, giving that often an urgent manner. If length of story should once more prove an attraction to readers, the technique of our fiction may again alter, its tempo may change, its frequently staccato style grow more leisurely, nature description come back into romantic narrative. Our novelists may find time for the philosophical excursions, the meanderings into fields of fancy, which they have more and more eschewed. Something more of the suavity which still characterizes the English novel may come into our own. At any rate the possibility is interesting.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

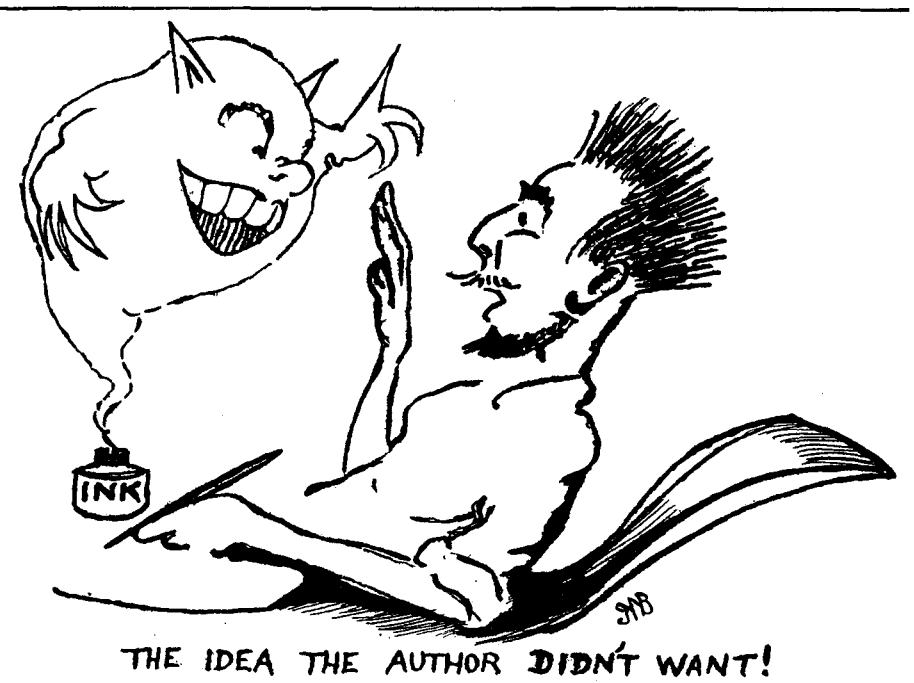
AN AMERICAN OMNIBUS. Edited by CARL VAN DOREN. *Doubleday, Doran.* An entertaining collection of fiction, drama, and poetry.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE. By HERBERT AGAR. *Houghton Mifflin.* America's history and politics reflected through its presidents.

DOWN AND OUT IN LONDON AND PARIS. By GEORGE ORWELL. *Harpers.* Experiences of a man of no means. For strong digestions.

This Less Recent Book:

A PLANNED SOCIETY. By GEORGE SOULE. *Macmillan.* A program for the regulation of capitalistic enterprise.



THE IDEA THE AUTHOR DIDN'T WANT!
DRAWN BY WILLIAM ROSE BENET

To the Editor: *On Living Happily Ever After*

Coincidence Preferred

Sir: Though unable to agree with most of the reviewers of "Anthony Adverse" that a large book is necessarily a great one, I am grateful to Mr. Hervey Allen for restoring to artistic respectability those trusty adjuncts of melodrama, coincidence and poetic justice, as well as the wish fulfilment that is the essence of romance. When our hero threatens to have a policeman fired, that cop is fired; particularly scabrous villains are doomed to disappear into the maw of a dog or a crocodile; at a critical moment the British Navy blazes away and obliterates a whole swarm of scoundrels.

No less gratifying is our hero's love life. If an attractive girl appears early in the story, and drops out of it unsleptwith by Anthony, don't worry; by page 1200 he will have got around to them all. If a lovely woman dies too soon, it is only in order that another lovely woman may take her place. Nor do our hero's amatory successes bring that disillusion which so often visits the triumphant lovers in Mr. Cabell's novels. A girl who hasn't seen Anthony for twenty-five years is instantly just as ardent for him as ever; he gets along beautifully with all of them, seriatim; nor does he ever have the infelicity to become emotionally involved with more than one woman at a time.

In the world of reality, unfortunately, things do not always go so well, any more than you can count on the timely appearance of the British Navy or the avenging crocodile; and since the war our smart authors have pusillanimously conformed to reality for fear their readers might laugh at them. Mr. Allen has had the courage and insight to realize that a story which comes out right, not merely once but repeatedly, thanks to the gratifying coincidences that seldom occur in the real world, would be gratefully received by customers whose own affairs do not come out right so often as could be wished. Let us hope he has started a boom in Coincidence Preferred.

ELMER DAVIS.

Mystic, Connecticut.

"Ah, Grantchester!"

Sir: Is there any place of literary pilgrimage quite so lovely as Grantchester in the spring, when the thorn is white on the hedges, if one walks from Cambridge through the meadows foaming with buttercups and the Granta winding lazily from Byron's Pool down to the Backs where the silver spires of King's and Trinity and John's rise above the horsechestnuts with their millions of rose and white candles? I defy anyone in Oxford to show me anything half so lovely!

Incidentally, Grantchester must boast quite as many literary associations as the whole Lake Country, and more than any other place aside from the morbid interests attaching to Westminster Abbey and the Panthéon! The list of poets who have loved Grantchester is indeed noble, from Chaucer to Rupert Brooke by way of Milton and Byron, not forgetting Gray and Tennyson, or William Mason. Horace Walpole refers to it in his later letters with nostalgia. Of the novelists, Thackeray and Samuel Butler are known to have loved it, and probably all the others associated with Cambridge—at the moment E. M. Forster and Rosamond Lehmann carry on the tradition. Macauley and Pepys no doubt have walked or bathed there; I don't know where Newton's head met with the apple, but it may well have been in the Orchard of Blessed Memory!

T. A. HEINRICH.

Cambridge, Eng.

How Now, Mr. Boyd?

Sir: I write to protest against reviews like that of Ernest Boyd's concerning "Lawrence and Brett" in the *Review* of June 24th. I take no issue with him concerning Brett's book—nothing that any one could say would be bad enough. But it may be that there is a Brett, even in the train of Mr. Boyd, and he must know how helpless Lawrence must have been against her.

The objection that I have to this article is that Mr. Boyd gives not the slightest indication of having seriously read either Lawrence's work or about him. If he doesn't think the first part of "The Rainbow" is not as great writing as our day has seen, Mr. Boyd does not know what great writing is. If he has not read the "Letters," as seems evident to me, he has no business to talk of Lawrence. He has no sense of evidence if he lumps Mrs. Carswell's book with Luhan and Brett. If he thinks Murry's book the only serious estimate of Lawrence, he has not followed its implications, and sought for proof of Murry's contentions in the actual life and writing of Lawrence. Any one who reads the "Letters" thoughtfully cannot feel that there is any ground for Murry's false deductions and unwarranted conclusions. I am glad Mrs. Carswell had the courage to give him the lie.

HOPE HOLWAY.

Tulsa, Okla.

Where Recognition Is Due

Sir: We owe to Dean Hood a debt of profound gratitude for his scholarly editing of the recent "Letters of Robert Browning, Collected by Thomas J. Wise." As one who has read every word of the large volume with close attention and who has had an interesting correspondence with Mr. Wise since the publication of my own book, "Pompilia and Her Poet," I want to correct a wrong impression one might derive from derogatory statements in the Introduction concerning the volume of Isa Blagden letters issued several years ago by the Baylor University Press.

The Baylor edition, now out of print and valued by collectors, has since its publication been quoted far and wide by authors of books and articles on Browning, even by Dean Hood himself in his present volume. It contains many touching and illuminating confidences made to Isa Blagden and found nowhere else. The deep gratitude we owe to Dean Hood we owe in larger measure to Dr. Armstrong, who is constantly carrying on in America the splendid work so felicitiously begun during the last years of the poet's life and pursued with enthusiasm ever since by Mr. Thomas J. Wise in England.

HARRIET GAYLORD.

Yonkers, New York.

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The Ballad of "Ammunition" Jones

By LEONARD BACON

CHARLEY MacArthur told me this yarn,
Which, if you don't like it, it's his consarn.
I got to do it. I feel it in my bones.
I'll tell you the story of "Ammunition" Jones,
As square a shooter as I ever knew,
And I know Chicago through and through.
He proves a point that for raising the devil
There's nothing like a guy that's on the level.
He run a trunk and a suit-case store,
But that wasn't what the shooting was for.
He paid his taxes and he sort of thought
That the city ought to do its job, it ought.
If the garbage-man didn't carry off his can,
Why he'd raise Hell with the garbage-man.
He didn't know what it was to be whipped,
But just the same in the end he got gyped.
And it come as quick as a kick in the pants
Because of a jay-walking ordinance,
Some bird in the City Hall put through,
About crossing Michigan Avenue.
It was passed on Saturday. Sunday noon
Jones was walking, whistling a tune.
And there was a cop, who was sure a bum,
In front of the Auditorium.
Jones wasn't thinking of nothing at all,
And least of all of starting a brawl.
Kittycorner over the street he come
In front of the Auditorium,
The same as he always done before,
When that cop began to rave and roar.
"See here," says Jones, to the bull says he,
"I'm a tax-payer. You talk nice to me.
"Nobody should talk that way at all.
"You'll hear about this from the City-Hall."
One way or another things went quick,
Till the cop fetched Jones a lick with his stick.
And Jones got sore about being beat
For coming kittycorner across the street,
And he scrapped, although it's never no use.
And in fifteen seconds he cooked his own goose.
There was one peculiar thing, I must say.
When they dragged him off, he fought all the way.
He kicked, he punched, he scratched, he bit,
Till they knocked him cold with a two-base hit.
And he was a pretty sight, I may state,
When they brought him before the magistrate,
A regular Hell of a hard-boiled beauty,
For resisting a bull that was doing his duty.
The judge was a sour-ball. "Well," he says
When he heard the cop's yarn, "Thirty days."
"It's wrong," says Jones, "I was kicked and beat
"For coming kittycorner across the street.
"Do you call that justice?" The judge he says,
"Call it what you like it. Sixty days."
Jones's manners, they just weren't French.
"You're the hell of a guy to be on the bench.
"You're framing a citizen," he says,
"It's an outrage." The judge says, "Ninety days."
Jones he had better have held his tongue
He was stuck in the Bridewell. He sure was stung,
Though I do not blame him for getting sore.
At the Bridewell they told him to mop the floor.
And he pasted a trusty on the glim,
And for ninety days they mopped it with him.
It was one long dog-fight without a stop,
But they never did get Jones to mop.
And every trusty let out a shout
When they heard his sentence had been worked out.
There was a mortgage, I should have said before,
On Jones's trunk and suitcase store.
And he wasn't particularly well disposed
When he found that mortgage had been foreclosed.
Maybe he had himself to thank.
But he had three hundred dollars in the bank.
And that, I can't make it strong enough,
Is where this story begins to get tough.
Jones went to a hardware shop and made
A regular dent in the fire-arms trade.
He packed the packages back to his flat,
Every sort of a rod and gat,
And ammunition by the bucketful,
All on account of a grouchy bull.
Next morning about, say, quarter of nine
A cop on the beat comes down the line.
He's feeling pleasant upon the whole.
"Good morning," says Jones, "God damn your soul!"
And before the guy could lift a hand,
Jones he plugs him through the belly-band.
The bull he whistles just as he drops,
And round the corner come two other cops.
And before they know where they are at,
He plugs 'em both and skips into the flat.
The street it's full of people running
To see the scrap or get out of the gunning.
The sight of it wasn't any too good,
Them nice blue uniforms all over blood,
And the first man lying where he was slammed,
With a look on his face like "I'll be damned."
When there is shooting I generally skip,
But I stayed for that one, and it was a pip.
I hid by a truck, and I didn't dare scoot,
For nobody knew where that bird might shoot.
The klaxons were blowing up and down
Like a bunch of reds was loose in town.
The cops kept coming thicker than sin,
Drawing dead-lines and closing in.
And you better believe that they were sore
For before they got him he got four more.
He was going to plug himself, I know.
But they was too mad to let him go.
There's no use talking, some bulls has class.
One got to the window with a bomb full of gas.
He heaves it in, and those all-fired fumes
Drove Jones in three seconds out of them rooms.
He comes out half-blinded after the blast.
And they rushed him and got him down at last.
There were five hundred cartridges left in the flat.
Big-time killing was what he was at.
And after the bulls had overhauled him
"Ammunition" Jones was what they called him.
There wasn't much to it, as might be said.
He was took red-handed and seven cops dead.
So nobody seemed to think it queer
That we had another hanging that year.
Jones's reasons might be good as any,
But seven cops is a lot too many.
And even his lawyer didn't feel
It would be any good to take an appeal.
Now I got a brother which is a priest,
That now has a great big church back East.
He was pretty young, just getting his start
After graduating from the Sacred Heart,
And Jones, it seems, was a Catholic.
And my brother's elected to do the trick,
Just to make Jones come clean and all
Before they let the trap-door fall.
My brother he was a pretty good lad,
But you'd never believe the trouble he had.
Jones wouldn't make a stab at confession
Religion didn't make no impression.
He just sits mum with his mouth closed tight.
"By God," says my brother, "He thinks he's right."
And he lets it ride for a little spell
When Jones just told him to go to Hell.
But just the same when the hanging was due,
My brother was there to see it through,
With his crucifix and his white church rig,
Pretty scared of a job that was getting too big.
He said it was like the Day of Doom,
As he stood by the gallows in the big square room,
While a lot of reporters used to the game
Wisecracked as usual just the same.
I suppose my brother he had some hope
Jones would crack when he saw the rope.
He thinks how miracles do not cease
And of telling the man to go in peace,
When all of a sudden there riz up a roar,
The Hell of a racket in the corridor.
The door flew open. Seven strong
The wardens were dragging Jones along.
It was some mix-up, I must say,
For Jones was fighting all the way.
Just by main awkwardness and strength
They got him under the gallows at length.
They got the rope around his neck,
And everything was set to clear the deck.
Four of the bulls was holding him yet.
My brother got as near as he could get.
He held the cross to the prisoner's lip.
Jones he's twisting in the wardens' grip.
He growls, he hisses, he flops, he kicks,
And he spits all over the crucifix.
And before my brother could say, "What the Hell?"
The wardens jumped and the trap-door fell.
Our family's a religious stock.
It gave my brother a terrible shock.
He never would have thought, he used to say,
A man would take it that a-way.
He wasn't himself for a month or two.
And I can't figure it yet. Can you?
Here was this innocent guy that pulls
The shades right down for seven poor bulls,
And come himself to that Hell of an end.
It's a thing I just can't get, my friend.
And the cop that started it, the lousy bum—
There he is—by the Auditorium!

Lamb the Critic

CHARLES LAMB AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES. By Edmund Blunden. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

THIS book presents in published form the Clark lectures which Mr. Blunden delivered last year at Trinity College, Cambridge. At first blush his choice of subject seems safe and easy

CHARLES LAMB
From a painting by Henry Meyer

and in these days of stress charmingly academic; yet it was really a serviceable choice, since Lamb's position in English literature is on the whole a misunderstood one which cannot be too quickly redefined. Lamb's whimsicality has at once made and undone him: the puns, the evening parties, the playful charm of Elia have endeared the man to multitudes and kept his name alive, amid all the vicissitudes of changing taste, for a century. But I suspect that the enthusiasm for him nowadays is chiefly a popular one; in very advanced circles he is granted his niche and passed over. Certainly Lamb the critic —and he is perhaps the best informal critic we have ever had—does not figure very often in discussions invoking names like T. S. Eliot's.

Yet if one man ever followed in the footsteps of another, the classicist Mr. Eliot has followed in those of the robustly eclectic Charles Lamb. Most of Eliot's prized discoveries were made by Lamb a century ago. A passion for the Elizabethan dramatists at a time when nobody paid any attention to them produced the epochal "Specimens." Lamb had a sturdy interest, too, in the old divines, an enthusiasm for Donne and a fine appreciation of Dryden. These facts rob Eliot of nothing except priority, but they are of a certain importance as regards the critic in Lamb. When we add to them other facts, like the admirable Shakespeare criticism, the judicious and instantaneous appreciation of Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, the good sense about eighteenth century poetry and the bright approach to the theatre, we must know ourselves in the presence of a really valuable critic. But this has been rather forgotten, partly because Lamb has for so long been labeled a whimsical essayist, partly because he is not a systematic critic and hence, from one point of view, no critic at all. It would perhaps be soundest to say that Lamb was a magnificent appreciator; but the quality of his appreciations puts him among the great guides to literature.

Mr. Blunden has reminded us of this, as of so much else, in his allusive study. It is not a very complete study or a very profound one; but it is an excellent introduction to Charles Lamb's world, and an excellent reintroduction for people who once knew that world well and have since neglected it. Mr. Blunden has boiled down a mass of facts and theory to his own purpose, which is to retrace Lamb's life in terms of its accomplishment; and after due reference to Mary Lamb and the East India House, he discusses in turn the poet, the critic, the essayist, and the intimate great writers. His best job, beyond question, centers in the critic. He absurdly overestimates Lamb the poet; he is meanly factual about Elia; and he lets us see far too little of Lamb's contemporaries—so little, indeed, that the title of this book is an unreasonable one. There is nothing like a good picture of Coleridge or Wordsworth or even Hazlitt; and a few lines of Barry Cornwall's on Lamb—

> With Hazlitt he talked as though they met the subject in discussion on equal terms; with Leigh Hunt he exchanged repartees; to Wordsworth he was almost respectful; with Coleridge he was sometimes jocose, sometimes deferring; with Martin Burney fraternally familiar; with Manning affectionate; with Godwin merely courteous; or if friendly, then in a minor degree.

—give us more of the spirit of Lamb's famous evening parties than all else Mr. Blunden has to say.

Yet, to use a word for the second time, this book is allusive, and keenly so. Mr. Blunden has at his fingertips all the life of an imperishable era and for those who know something about it his quick allusions, his dropped remarks, his half-questions will have sense and point. And his recalling to us the part of Lamb that was not Elia—the part that I suspect Lamb wanted equally known and remembered —proves a genuine service. Not that Mr. Blunden or I want to disparage Elia. But we would like to disengage the critic and have people read him.

Apropos the knighthood recently bestowed upon J. C. Squire, the only representative of letters in the birthday honors list, *John o' London's Weekly* says: "Mr. Squire began as a poet, and has continued as a poet in spite of a great many other activities intervening. He was the critic Solomon Eagle whose pronouncements are read and remembered still. He is the inventor, creator, and editor of the *London Mercury*, a magazine that has presented the best in current English literature since its first number was published years ago. Mr. Squire is not an architect, and yet he is a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, an honor they conferred on him for his help in promoting public interest in architecture and his services in saving fine buildings threatened with demolition. But perhaps when his biography comes to be written it will appear that his greatest service to literature (apart from his own writings) has been his quietly offered help to many beginners."

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

AN ODE FOR AUGUST FOURTEENTH
(The Birthday of John Taylor, "the Water Poet")

As in the heart of the farmer-damned thistle
Nestles sweet blossom of purple or red
So there are tunes which I can't even whistle
Hid in my head.
Songs worth the singing,
Bells to be ringing,
Clanging and dinging,
Not to be read.

Not to be read at all, next year or ever,
Only to play and to sing and to shout
In the canoe at the bend of the river
When the moon's out.
There would I sing them
Pluck them or ring them
Happily bringing them
Home to the trout.

Home to the trout in his aqueous arbour,
Like a black icicle turned on its side,
Stilly patrolling the gate to the harbour
Where minnows shelter from sweep of the tide.
There could he double
'Tween alder and stubble
And send up a bubble
Or two if he tried.

Send up a bubble to say he can hear me,
Thinks after all that perhaps I belong
To a similar school. How his bubble would cheer me
If it would tell me that nothing is wrong
With my rime to John Taylor,
That deep inland sailor
To whose fishy valour
This watery song!

HUGH WESTERN

The Caliph A. Edward Newton quotes a new amplification of an ancient jest:—

Daily she came from Bromley to the City,
Pink underclothes of crêpe de chine she wore,
So that in each back yard she viewed with pity
The short and simple flannels of the poor.

The vacation season, as usual, moves numerous clients to impromptu verse. Arthur Bell reports from Falmouth, Mass., that Cape Cod already considers Repeal an accomplished fact. He puts it this way on a post-card:—

With maritime bootleggers
Rum-running all around
The popping of the wine-corks
Is today the Vineyard Sound.

Even more gruesome is the conclusion leaped to by K. S. A. after reading an innocent remark in a recent Green:——

Dear X (these lines have just been lathed)
Your column's candor is terrific—
You mean to say you haven't bathed
From Sunapee to the Pacific?

Did I say *bathed*? Well, I meant *swam*. My error, evidently. Damn!

John Holmes is much set up, and rightly, about an oil painting at Louis Holman's print shop in Boston which is conjectured to be possibly a hitherto unknown portrait of Keats. There are difficulties in the way of an identification, as both Mr. Holman and Mr. Holmes recognize, but the possibility is exciting.

Mr. Holmes writes:—"The painting came from an English collection that had contained several pictures of good standing, and in a MS catalogue made in 1890 this canvas was entered as *Keats the poet. School of Lawrence*. Having been rebacked before reaching the present owner, hope of finding a record on the canvas is lost.

"Mr. Louis Holman is my neighbor in Boston—his print shop at 4-A Park Street is below sidewalk level, and my desk is seven floors above the street, in the highest building along the way, except Houghton Mifflin. I've probably spent more time and less money in Holman's this spring looking at Keatsiana and talking about it than anyone except Holman himself. If you come to Boston you must step in there. One thing that always surprises the observant visitor is the Keats life-mask hung at natural height—and it shows Keats to have been an amazingly short man—I was just going to say Dr. Canby's height, so take out amazing. I mean he is about the size of Dr. Lowes of Harvard, or shorter. You can't believe it, probably.

"I went with Mr. Holman in great excitement one day when this portrait came to Goodspeed's on Ashburton Place. We both said No, at first, and then came back time after time, and the thing grew on us, and now it is at Holman's."

M. T. J. writes from Nashville:—

"My husband taught sociology in China fifteen years and I must say it grieves our sociological sense to have even you use such an expression as 'The missionaries put Mother Hubbards on them.' Aren't you anthropologist enough to know that the native women probably gave their husbands no peace after they'd seen the first M. H. until they all had one? And if not for the reasons the missionaries desired it, none the less true. We have lived with missionaries 15 years and know the tribe well enough to know they have no magic to 'make' native peoples do anything they don't want to. We get so tired of hearing that story.

"Perhaps because six of those years were lived across the street from our good friend Pearl S. Buck is what has given me the courage to write you this letter."

Looking over some files of old correspondence I found a letter—dated May 31, 1918 — from a Chicago editor and advertising man. I withhold his name, but he has since become both famous and prosperous as satiric novelist and dramatist. He wrote:—

"I saw a sad sight yesterday. I was down at the University of Notre Dame and saw a place where they were deliberately making newspaper men. They were trying to put something over on the poor nuts by calling them journalists, but I knew just exactly what they would be. They were going to be newspaper men. They were going to work for editors, three-fifths of whose vocabulary consists of 'whothehell, 'wherethehell,' and 'whythehell.' And then someday they were going to be editors themselves, and wear green eye-shades. Then years will pass and they will have long, scraggly white moustaches with nicotine stained on them. Then more years will pass, and then, like the discarded horns of deer, they will disappear."

I was a "newspaper man" myself at that time and that disturbed me. But as I was then trying to sell some rousing copy for "greeting cards" to this editor I was even more disturbed by a line printed at the bottom of his stationery. It said: "And so with all other brave and rightly trained men; their work is first, their fee second. —Ruskin."

Speaking of newspaper work, in the same rummage of files I found a clipping of a piece that nearly sent me to jail. One day in the summer of 1918 I had a specially fine view of the *Leviathan* from a Hudson River ferryboat. Thinking less of policy than of the picturesque I wrote a description of her as my daily stint for a Philadelphia paper, and thought no more about it. The U. S. government, probably because it was busy at the time, was not reading my stuff regularly—as our old friend Mistletoe once remarked, "The purest form of secrecy is writing for a Philadelphia newspaper"—and nothing happened until the piece was reprinted (September 1918) by a journal called *The National Marine*. Then both the editor of the *National Marine* and myself received a strong reproach from the Attorney General or some other high official. We were giving away naval secrets; one more indiscretion like that and we would be in the cooler for giving comfort to the enemy.

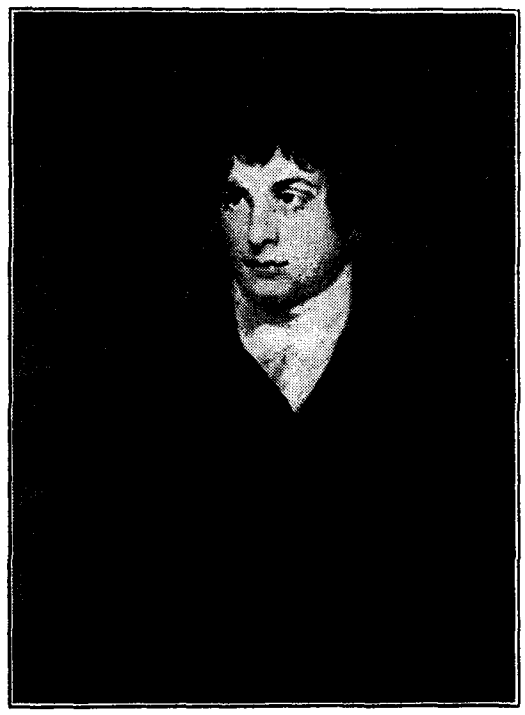
As a memory of a time now well vanished, I please myself by reprinting the injudicious item:—

Even Tirpitz wouldn't recognize the Leviathan—née Vaterland—if he could see her now.

We saw her one day at Atlanticport, that beautiful city that empties into the subway.

It had been raining hard, the peculiar lashing rain that swirls and gesticulates in the narrow, cavernous streets of Atlanticport. Beaten upon by wind and dictation and motion-picture films, harassed by the hot dog fumes from Co—come, we nearly gave it away—from Atlanticbeach, bleached by peroxide and bullied by hallboys—O friends, what a climate!

In other words, it had been raining hard, and in the afternoon, a soft, misty fog sprawled over the harbor, an opalescent vagueness tinctured with dissolved sunlight and vibrating with the rapid leaps of home-bound commuters. We were on a ferryboat, wondering who threw all the rubbish into the river, when suddenly there loomed up out of the mist a gigantic profile, the most thrilling profile we know: that of an ocean ship. Stately, with the most graceful progress known to man, that of a home-bound vessel entering port, she moved toward her berth.



IS IT JOHN KEATS?
(Portrait owned by Louis A. Holman)

There is no word of motion delicate enough, smooth enough to express that fluent gliding advancement of a great vessel as she slips to her waiting pier. It is a growth so imperceptible, so full of satisfaction to the eye that the heart throbs as one watches. Keats's phrase, "a gradual swim," is perhaps near to it. It is the romantic perfection of gentle transition. Now she is here, and now again she is not here, and yet the eye can hardly discern her passage. She comes to her home proudly, and yet sadly as she thinks of the bruised hearts to whom she is a symbol.

And what a sight she was, as she grew from the mist, took firm outline, leaned over our ferryboat and passed us like a dream. Her sides were festooned and striped with zigzags and mottlings of blue and black and fish-belly white. Along her stern curves were painted three parallel false sterns, so that even a few furlongs away, in the mistiness of the afternoon, one could hardly swear where she ended. Her three great funnels, leaning backward in their proper rake, were thrown out of gear by a quaint black vertical stripe on the middle stack, so that from a distance she seemed (when her gay colors faded into the haze) a vastly smaller one-funnel vessel, headed the other way. From her cutwater rose a saw-tooth black diagonal, rising starkly up her sheer and counter. This, as the ferry drew off, made her seem like a destroyer of low freeboard. As we watched her she seemed to dissolve and blend with the afternoon, taking on quaint and various shapes.

Part of the illusion, of course, was due to the particular atmospheric condition of the afternoon: the bluish dissolvent haze, the westering sun tobogganing down on a long slant, refracting among the soft vapors of the bay. And part of the illusion may have lain in the trustful heart of the visitor who expects marvels from the magic city of Cabarabian Nights, and perhaps stiffens them with his own quinine drops of imagination. And yet, so marvelous was the sight, so fantastic and stirring as the greatest of all ships drew the mantles of mist around her and gravely swept on to her dock, that we did what we have always vowed we would never do. We used a word that we have sworn on oath against and that had not crossed our lips for six months. "Yes," we said to our companion, "that's camouflage."

Looking through one of the interesting catalogues from Ernest Dressel North's bookshop (587 Fifth Ave.) I noticed that H. M. Tomlinson came next after Thoreau. This should please H. M. T., who is so great an admirer of the Concord philosopher.

On a first visit to Concord a few weeks ago I went out before breakfast (a sunny sparkling morning, every leaf and twig brilliant with wet lustres after a night of fog) to look for the graves of Thoreau and Emerson. Oddly enough I found neither, nor, a little later, was I able to discover the cairn of stones by Walden Pond. There is some sort of public bathing pavilion at the Pond where the youth of Concord were making large halloo. This, and the hot dog stands, which austere observers sometimes disapprove, I think Thoreau would have accepted as part of the democratic doctrine. But in the matter of interment I'm not so sure. I've been told that he shares one gravestone with several others of his family—which, for so determined an individualist, seems odd.—I would have expected to find his place marked with one of those plain untrimmed mountain boulders which mark simple finality on several graves in Concord. One bed on that hillside has over it a great circular millstone which I thought an interesting symbolism. There is no indication to help the stroller find R. W. E. and H. D. T., and it was getting late for breakfast. . . . The only sign I saw was at the entrance to the cemetery, which says with truth ONE WAY.

The grave of the unlucky British soldiers, near the bridge, looked a bit neglected, with scraps of candy wrapper blown on it. The pleasantest glimpses in Concord are the little river with lily pads on it and the old wooden barn of the School of Philosophy.

Concord, I guess, is one of the most trimly dight of our historic villages but I'm glad that some of her rivals perk up now and then and show a little jealousy. Once I wrote a piece about old towns in Delaware that looked good to me on the map; I said I'd heard that New Castle was beautiful, and I remembered that an excellent brand of plum pudding was made in Dover. To my great pleasure I had a vigorous letter from Mr. Sewell P. Moore, of Grantwood, N. J., who said that his mission in life is to give the charms of Delaware a chance to be known.

Mr. Moore wrote:—

There is more real romance in New Castle than in a whole section of much advertised New England. The place where William Penn first put foot on American soil and the house where he made his first address to the colonies are practically unchanged. Many of the back streets are exactly as they were a hundred years ago. Somewhere along the water front is the site of the horse dyke which was the center of the twelve-mile circle boundary. This center was lost and caused a boundary dispute lasting for almost a century. It would take a book to list the interesting places and events connected with this section.

I would rather think of Dover as the home of Cæsar Rodney than of plum pudding. Although the deeds of Paul Revere have been sung in every school book, his ride was really like a pony ride at an amusement park compared with the ride of Cæsar Rodney. With only a single hour's rest he rode from the bed of his Tory sweetheart in Lewes to the meeting at Independence Hall in Philadelphia with the single vote that would have defeated the Declaration of Independence. Tradition says that he galloped almost a whole day and night wearing out horse after horse.

I'm delighted to hear the Blue Hen State utter a squawk. We don't hear from her often enough. And after all this *Saturday Review* was founded and is edited by a man from Delaware.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Spain in Peru

FALL OF THE INCA EMPIRE AND THE SPANISH RULE IN PERU: 1530-1780. By Philip Ainsworth Means. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $4.50.

Reviewed by HERBERT INGRAM PRIESTLEY

THIS sociological study of Spain's work in Peru, based on the author's "Ancient Civilizations of the Andes" and a historical résumé in the present volume of the story of the Spanish conquest, is a work of interest and utility in spite of certain basic misconceptions. Chief among its excellences is the review of previous works on the Pizarro-Almagro invasion and the consolidation of the government under viceroy Toledo. There is a generous bibliography and a working glossary.

When it comes to discussion of the basis of Spanish society in Peru, namely the Indian policy, certain errors in fact tend to render doubtful the conclusion of the author that Inca civilization was superior to Spanish, and that Spain would have been more successful had she maintained a feudal society instead of paternalism. Students of history will not be misled by these conclusions, but will enjoy the provocative treatment of many incidents of the Spanish rule.

But it must in fairness be pointed out that when the Indians of Spanish America were put on encomiendas, or rather reduced to the tutelage of overlords called encomenderos, they were not legally enslaved, but made wards. The famous legislation elicited by the furor raised by Las Casas in 1542, "The New Laws," was not aimed at destroying the system of tutelage, but at limiting it to the one life of the original grantee. The reason for this was that the Spanish kings expected by so doing to come into direct receipt of the tributes from the Indians, instead of receiving a meager residual of them from the encomenderos.

Nor is it true, as the author says in his glossary, that the encomienda was a large tract of land. It was an allotment of Indians, not land. The title to the lands of the Indian villages remained legally vested in the natives. The encomendero received by a separate grant such land or property as he could exploit. When the attempt began of trying to withdraw tutelage over the Indians from encomenderos, the lapsed encomiendas went into the administration of the crown, the agent of which was an officer called the corregidor. It was Spanish policy to separate administration from persons rooted in landed property. Thus the corregidor, not enjoying privileges of encomenderos, and being usually paid no salaries, made their opportunity by ruthless exploitation of the natives. But their attitude was quite as feudal as it was paternalistic, and the obvious fact remains that the encomienda as an institution survived almost to the end in Spanish America in spite of a wide range of recurrent laws intended to do it to death.

Concerning the attention paid to Campillo y Cosio's recommendations with regard to reforms in Spanish America, it is worthy of note that his book, "Nueva Sistema de Governación," was printed in 1779 almost verbatim, but attributed then to Bernardo Ward, who died in 1760. Thus, during a quarter of a century, Campillo's ideas were current, and were finally utilized by the government when it established the intendancies, but even before that time, when it began in 1759 to send out a great corps of inspectors or visitors, among whom an outstanding example was that of José de Areche, who was responsible for the martyrdom of Tupac Amaru II which is to be the initial episode of Mr. Means's next book.

I am in full sympathy with his portrayal of the place of religion in Spanish colonial polity; his treatment of the early missionaries is sympathetic, and once it is conceded that religion may be imposed rather than evolved, proselyting becomes desirable. There is here, too, a good portrayal of the rise of trade rivalries on the Pacific coast of South America during the period after the beginning of the War of the Spanish Succession while France was in charge of Spain's colonial maritime defense and carrying trade. It is a pleasure to see that the names of Prescott and Markham are still held in high respect by the author; his obvious affection for this field requires nothing more than self-imposed discipline to make his name synonymous with intrinsic advance in Spanish American history.

* *

Herbert I. Priestley, professor of Mexican history in the University of California, is an authority on Spanish America.

A VIEW OF CORDOBA
From H. Glintenkamp's "A Wanderer in Woodcuts" (Farrar & Rinehart)

The First Republic

TOWARD THE NEW SPAIN. By Joseph A. Brandt. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1933. $4.

Reviewed by HARRIET DE ONÍS

IT is an impressive mass of documentation that Mr. Brandt has assembled in this history of the first republic in Spain and it illuminates the contours of a moment of great if very disperse national vitality. The chaotic state in which Spain existed almost uninterruptedly from the death of Ferdinand VII in 1833 until the restoration of Alfonso XII in 1875, and particularly the troubled years of the first republic (1873-1875) is set forth with a wealth of detail. One feels, however, that the merit of the work for future historians will lie in the data that have been painstakingly but formlessly brought together. There is little interpretation of these confusing, contradictory facts, and that which is given tends to be a repetition of the trite ideas in vogue.

Mr. Brandt first compares the points of similarity between the first and the present Spanish republics. There can be no question that there are striking analogies but they are not the fact that an uncle of Primo de Rivera was Captain-General of Madrid just before Alfonso XII's advent. The problem in analogies for the historian of this period is the fact that the second republic is confronted by almost every one of the problems that the first republic was called upon to solve, and to some of which it thought it had given solution. Here is indeed food for thought: after sixty years, with all the water, national and world-wide, that has flowed under the bridge, the present régime finds a Penelope web of agrarian, labor, social, regional, religious, political, and educational problems, in form practically commensurate to those which distracted the legislators of the short-lived first republic. And in one way or another these are the same problems the distinguished group of XVIIIth century reformers had before them and some of which they, too, thought they had solved. The reasons for these analogies, the causes for the reappearance in Spain of the same problems generation after generation would have to be sought in the very roots of the Spanish temperament, and in the nation's historical development, and this Mr. Brandt has hardly suggested.

Many of these problems are closely bound up with that of religion, and Mr. Brandt does not seem to have acquired a proper focus on the relations of the church and the Spanish nation. It is too simple an explanation to dismiss Philip II as a mere bigot, as he does. It must not be forgotten that his father, Charles V, was Erasmus's patron and defender in his darkest days, and that when the emperor finally arrayed himself against Protestantism it was reluctantly and because he feared the dangers it involved for the unity of the Christian world more than those which might devolve from lack of freedom of speculation. All this he made very clear to his son when he relinquished the throne to him. There is an error in speaking, as the author repeatedly does, of the subservience to the Pope of a nation whose kings, Hapsburgs and Bourbons, consistently defended the national interests against the papacy. In matters of church policy there was more imposition from Spain on Rome than the other way around. There can be no doubt that Spain is a profoundly Catholic nation. It should have challenged Mr. Brandt's attention to reflect that the Assembly of Cadiz, which in 1812 formulated the Constitution which he so much admires, and which was made up of the most advanced and liberal men in the nation, provided that "the religion of the Spanish nation is and shall be perpetually the Apostolic Roman Catholic."

It is curious to note from Mr. Brandt's account that the storm centers of the first republic were almost the same as at present. The revolutionary movement against the republican government in Andalusia in 1868 was even more widespread than now. Communists and Syndicalists were vigorously at work, and a number of cities flew the red flag until the troops of a government theoretically opposed to the use of force could reduce them to submission. And an agrarian law was proposed at that time which in many respects resembled the one the present republic has passed—though it has not yet gone into general effect. This problem, which is one of the most important in Spain's economic life, was practically disregarded throughout the sixty years intervening between republic and republic.

One of the most striking oversights in the book is the omission, in enumerating the factors that have made for progress in Spain during the last half century, of any reference to Francisco Giner de los Rios, Spain's foremost educator since the days of the early Jesuits. His was undoubtedly the most far-reaching influence in all the movement for the Europeanization of Spain and everything significant in modern science, education, customs, and thought is directly or indirectly related to him and the Institución Libre de Enseñanza, the school he founded. By both friends and enemies of the new régime he is called the father of the present republic. Although he took no active part in politics at any time Giner was intimately connected with the men who were the leaders of the first republic.

As yet there has been no historian who has wholly comprehended this turbulent, significant period of Spanish history. The most comprehensive picture of it has been given by Pérez Galdós in his novels. But until time creates a better perspective and the pattern of the epoch is made clear, Mr. Brandt's book is the best source of information that can be consulted.

Early in the year the Irish Free State Censorship Board banned George Bernard Shaw's "The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God" on the ground of indecency. A number of authors, including George Russell ("A. E."), Yeats, F. R. Higgins, and Frank O'Connor, have since protested against the decision. The Minister will probably refer the book to an independent person for his opinion. This is the first time that such a course has been taken.

How to Defeat the Depression

ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY. By Albert M. Newman. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1933. $1.25.

COUNTER-ATTACK. A Battle Plan to Defeat the Depression. By Millard E. Tydings, United States Senator from Maryland. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1933. $1.25.

Reviewed by LOUIS RICH

MR. NEWMAN'S chief contention is that the machine, by multiplying goods, has substituted use-values for capital-or-labor values and so removed the necessity for class struggle, revolution, and confiscation of property. By enthroning the consumer the author believes to have found an original principle for a new economics.

But Mr. Newman's discovery is an old platitude. It is certainly true that we are all consumers. But to say that is to say simply that all living creatures are consumers and that they need things outside of themselves to sustain their lives. What differentiates man from other living creatures is the fact that he uses tools of his own invention to help maintain his existence; in other words, he functions as a producer. The development of mankind as such begins with the growth in complexity, efficiency, and ultimate effects of the tools of production. The social significance of the individual is thus determined by his role as a producer, not as a consumer. The fact that many are removed from the actual task of producing physical means of subsistence is merely the result of the changes in the character, scope, and refinements of labor required to keep humanity at its present level.

It is, therefore, erroneous to say that the modern machine destroys both capital and labor values. On the contrary, it integrates and preserves those values. The antinomy between the two remains as long as there remains the basis for the old quarrel as to who shall own the product of labor. Mr. Newman does not solve this antinomy by bringing in a third contender —the consumer, for this new claimant can advance and make good his claim only as a participant in the production process. The author himself proves this by insisting that production should be for use, that consumers should be supplied with enough purchasing power to buy all of the products made and more through the elimination of unemployment by a progressive reduction of working hours as output increases.

Concretely, Mr. Newman proposes the establishment of "America, Inc.," or "British Empire, Ltd.," that is to say the establishment of a monopoly order run by the "dictatorial power . . . of a duly organized and responsible group, working openly." The avowed aim of this monopoly would be to make it possible for everybody to earn a living while allowing the rich to remain idle. Unwittingly, perhaps, the author is here voicing the views of those who, seeing the inevitable trend to monopoly as the next stage of our social system and the further shift of large groups from the purely productive to the administrative and promotional branches of industry, are anxious to secure for themselves a favorable place in the controlling end of the designed economy.

Senator Tydings's bugle call against depression is in the strident tones of one giving military commands. It reveals a characteristic common to all who operate with war psychology, i.e., the belief that God always fights on the side of the general issuing the orders. With the enemy beyond the border, building a "front" to prevent unrighteousness from invading the homeland is ever the objective of dutiful tacticians. Senator Tydings is a valiant Democratic soldier-leader whose aim is to translate President Roosevelt's recovery program, as clarified in public statements, into the terms of the manual of arms. He sees the real cause of the depression as international, in the fact that the foreign trade of America has been reduced to an alarming extent and that no new markets are open to her. The fight, therefore, must be with the following "Four Horsemen of the Depression": Captain Tariff and Embargo, Captain Depreciated Currency, Captain War Debt, and Captain Armament. Of these four enemies only the first may be said to have also an American domicile—in the minds of the leaders of the Republican party.

In the light of the World Economic Conference it would seem that Senator Tydings's Four Horsemen are as much in the saddle as ever.

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The New Books

Fiction

THE DUKE COMES BACK. By Lucian Cary. Doubleday, Doran. 1933. $1.75.

This is a sequel to the previously recorded adventures of Mr. Cary's popular hero, "Duke Wellington," the gentleman prize-fighter who turned into a publisher. Being in need of money he is obliged to stage a "come-back," although he has promised his wife never to fight again. There are also complications with gangsters and racketeers. The subject matter is spread out pretty thinly to make even a small book, but it holds attention; Mr. Cary's admirers will not be disappointed.

THE LORD OF LIFE. By Neil Bell. Little, Brown. 1933. $2.

The generally low average of the summer novel crop will be materially raised by this new novel by the author of "The Marriage of Simon Harper." In the latter book he revealed thoroughly sound craftsmanship—though somewhat of the "old-fashioned" order—as well as an enviably sympathetic understanding of people. He has, in this new work, combined felicitous form and genuine insight with a plot that is thoroughly fantastic, and the combination makes good reading, though it plumbs no depths and scales no heights.

In a fit of peeve over the ridicule with which his announcement that he had annihilated an atom of helium was received, the redoubtable Dr. Ferrars announced that on the fourth of July he would simultaneously wipe out atoms of hydrogen, carbon, magnesium, potassium, chromium, strontium, antimony, barium, mercury and uranium. The result of the crash proved, to a world no longer able to appreciate the ambiguous fact, that matter *was* destructible: the earth was stopped in its orbit, flinging into outer space and oblivion all life, all water, everything that moved on its surface. Something started it rotating and revolving again, which saved the lives of twenty people—nineteen men and one woman, some of the crew and guests of the new super-submarine Q-1, then on its maiden cruise. It remained to them to found a new civilization on the dry ocean-bed, and the resultant mêlée—the problems involved in organizing a society so-composed—provide the great diversion that will be found in "The Lord of Life." This bare plot recital is, of course, absurdity itself, but the reader will find that Mr. Bell's virtuose imagination and matured technique can and do carry to a satisfying conclusion a piece of fantasy that is both unique and intrinsically entertaining.

MONSOON. By Wilfrid David. Harpers. 1933. $2.

This first novel achieves considerably less than it promises; written with unmistakable venom, its potential power is dissipated in an almost hysterical castigation of the stupidity of imperial rule in India, the putrid demoralization of western Europe since the war. Written in a staccato, occasionally vivid style, it is, nevertheless, consistently engrossing, and offers a gratifying foretaste of Mr. David's career when he shall be more than "only twenty-five years of age."

Young Dorian Fence, Hamlet-wise, is horrified by the unseemly haste of his Italian mother's remarriage. Cut adrift, dramatizing his isolation and Byronic fire, he leaves London for Paris and Berlin, where he first acts as platonic gigolo, mingling in the dissolute society of these cities, has a violent affair with a great German actress and is packed off to India by this lady, to a post as correspondent for a Berlin newspaper. Here he becomes resident at the home of his cousin, the great English magnate, Alan Markham. He is the at all times impassioned observer of the crass hypocrisy of British rule, domestic tragedy, native revolt. In the process, he shakes off some of his many superficialities, retaining always the flame of his youthful appetite for life and a mordant cynicism that does not preclude the possession of a decently balanced sense of values. Age would have mellowed, but not tamed his impetuosity, his passion for truth and justice.

The development of young Dorian's character, the exposition of the several situations presented by Ali Habibullah, the Communist, Alan Markham and his wife, and a host of minor characters—all, if not handled with consummate skill, and though frequently marred by immature ideology and craftsmanship, undeniably mark the appearance of a new writer who possesses passion, sympathetic insight, and intelligence.

AN AMERICAN HERO. By F. W. Bronson. Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $3.

From poverty to millions rose young Jonathan Green, the American "hero" of F. W. Bronson's ironical title, and nothing stopped him on the way. Endowed with a broad grin, good looks, no particular amount of brains, but an innate ability to use everyone he came across, he made the transition from his childhood as son of a Pennsylvania washerwoman to squireship on a Long Island estate, via college football, the insurance and bond business, a wealthy marriage and inheritance, Wall Street. And for the purposes of such a novel as this, it was inevitable that Johnny Green should lose his first fortune and his second wife, if only to demonstrate that he could win them back again. A thorough hypocrite, unscrupulous, self-seeking, conceited, he was well-intentioned but weak, momentarily sorry when he had broken a heart or a bank account. He did not have a brain to call his own, he did not have a more than superficial emotion in his splendid carcass.

If it was the author's intention to write a satirical indictment of the success that attends the college-football-fraternity-Wall Street young man, it is unfortunate that he should have brought to the task a talent little more than mediocre. Jonathan Green walks through these pages in two-dimensional guise, and does not for a moment breathe the breath of life. Sinclair Lewis might have done more with what remains, in its essentials, a basically sound idea.

History

THE RIVER WAR. By WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. Scribners. 1933. $2.75.

When art and courtesy clash, it is unwise, in the interests of immortality, to remain a gentleman. This, however, is what Winston Churchill elects to do in his narrative of the reconquest of the Egyptian Sudan under Kitchener. He is discreet on the subject of slaughtering the dervishes, and he is silent altogether on that question of intense psychological interest: what manner of man—not administrator or soldier, but man—was Kitchener of Khartoum? Since a marriage is seldom successful without the bridegroom, this sin of omission leaves Mr. Churchill's book the military chronicle addressed to the special reader, instead of the literary work it so closely approximates.

Soldiers and engineers will find the book instructive. It details the topography of the Sudan, the divagations of the Nile, the problems of extending a railway into hostile desert areas, the business of building a navy in England and transshipping it seven times, piece by piece, without losing a single piece. One wishes the baggage-master who mislaid the trunk last summer might pore over that passage!

Mr. Churchill, true to his traditions of the British gentleman, upholds Gladstone as against "Chinese" Gordon, for a deceased Premier must be right, no matter how sharply one differs from a living one. Certain warm qualities about the writing reveal, by suggestion at least, that the author in Gladstone's position would not have left Gordon to his fate. Mr. Churchill was a subaltern in the river "war" thirty-five years ago; he still recalls the odor of sweet grass the morning before the final battle started; he reconstructs the scene poignantly.

In the battle of Omdurman casualties were as follows: the British lost 20 officers, 462 men; the dervishes lost 9,700 killed; 10,000 to 16,000 wounded; 5,000 taken prisoner. It was a matter of old-fashioned rifles, swords, and spears, against the maxim gun. These mathematical proportions obtained in other encounters. You can't really call that a war, says the author.

International

AGRICULTURAL RUSSIA AND THE WHEAT PROBLEM. By Vladimir P. Timoshenko. Published jointly by the Food Research Institute and the Committee on Russian Research of the Hoover War Library. Stanford University Press. 1932. $4

Invaluable facts and discussion for those seriously interested in Soviet agriculture and its probable relation to the rest of the world are contained in Dr. Timoshenko's monumental work, but it is only fair to explain that the volume is intended for students and research workers rather than for the careless reader. Text, maps, and charts run to some 550 pages and in general the treatment is characterized by the leisureliness and meticulous detail of works not dependent on popular approval.

Briefly, it might be said that Dr. Timoshenko's researches serve as the scholarly background for much of the argument put popularly in Isaac Don Levine's "Red Smoke." Mr. Levine maintained that the "objective limitations" to the Five Year Plan as it has been popularly interpreted—such facts as a cold climate, lack of rainfall, poor soil, difficulty of transportation, a rate of population increase greater than that of increase in agricultural productivity, etc., etc.,—made the literal realization of the Plan impossible. Indeed, he suggested that the original researches for the Plan—*not* the Plan as used as a political slogan or for propaganda purposes abroad—restricted Russia's position to that of a secondary agricultural power rather than the great industrial nation frequently pictured.

Dr. Timoshenko limits himself to the subject of agriculture, particularly that of grain production, and analyzes the present conditions in the light not only of present but of pre-war facts. He has had the coöperation of various authorities at Stanford and other universities and of the Slavic Division of the Library of Congress. In spite of the vastness of Russia's area, the limits to the expansion of really first-class grain-growing territory are much narrower than is popularly supposed. Growth of population, and a great variety of influences which have tended to decrease production or make it uncertain, seem bound to turn the U. S. S. R. more and more to its interior market and away from grain export. Briefly, and taking the long view, his work seems to remove Russia as an agricultural "menace" to the rest of the competitive world. But the purpose of such a research is, of course, less to prove any such thesis than intensively to examine all the factors involved.

Psychology

PHYLOANALYSIS. A study in the Group or Phyletic Method of Behavior-Analysis. By William Galt. Baker & Taylor. 1933. $1.

Psychiatry usually confines itself to the study of mental disorders in the isolated individual and neglects the fact that these are only aspects of a behavior discrepancy existing in the social body at large. But where we have to deal with the feeling-life of the human organism we cannot as scientists disregard the significance of total reactions both as regards the individual and the social structure of which he is an integral part.

This is the viewpoint of "Psychoanalysis" which further points out that the actions and feelings of the organism as a whole have a long evolutionary history and are more deeply ingrained in man than the ideas and symbols that involve only the cortex of the brain which is a relatively recent development in man's evolution. It is the misapplication of these later acquired symbola part-functions and their disturbed relation to the total organism that accounts for many behavior disorders. These should be treated, therefore, not as derangements of isolated faculties, for the function of the entire organism cannot be studied in isolation but only in its racial setting. Man has evolved as a social animal and his fantasy divergences are part of the social tissue. Hence a method of phylo- or racial-analysis, in contradistinction to a personal analysis of the isolated individual, has been devised by Dr. Trigant Burrow. The method has hitherto been treated mainly in technical scientific journals; but since it has implications for psychology, psychiatry, and sociology, it will be of much interest to the general reader to have Mr. Galt's non-technical exposition of phyloanalysis. Mr. Galt, who is a psychologist, has himself been a student-participant in the work of Dr. Burrow and his associates.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

The Romantic Agony. M. Praz. Oxford University Pr. $7.50. *Causeries du Lundi.* C. A.

(*Continued on page* 34)

Richness and reality
Chicago Tribune

Zest
Sat. Review

Rib-tickling
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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SHAKING THE FOREFINGER

THE latest smartness is *Dwight Fiske's* "Without Music." *Stark Young* in *The New Republic* simply goes into spasms of delight over it and remarks snobbishly, "The people who get the true salt of 'Without Music' can look anybody in the eye." Isn't that swell! Yet, as he tells about it, it doesn't sound very funny. I had heard *Ben Ray Redman* and *Bob Benchley* on the subject before I came to sit at the feet of Mr. Young, and *they* really made Fiske sound amusing. Young only makes him sound like the correct intellectual thing to do. Why is most intellectual writing so utterly humorless?

I shall have to continue to go around with that hang-dog look, avoiding peoples' eyes, while the snappy ones "in the know" prance by. But who would spoil their innocent joy! Or who could bear to spoil my own innocent joy when I found the following howler in the same number of *The New Republic,* in a review of some novels by *T. S. Matthews:* "The story is a little cuckoo, like Mr. Stuart's stories are apt, but it impresses us because it is told with such conviction." Mr. Matthews must have wished to skin the proof-room alive!

The standards of magazine editing are sufficiently low at present to enhearten the aspiring college graduate. And I rarely pick up a newly published book without spotting several errors immediately, even in books put forth by the best firms. Rush the manuscript into print and slap covers on it, seems to be the order of the day. In the editorial offices of magazines not nearly enough attention is paid to editing, which used to be a darned hard job and a worthy profession. As for proofreading, there appears to be precious little of it, even on the part of authors.

So ends my little curtain lecture!

DEATH OF AN ACTRESS

All who were privileged ever to have seen *Louise Closser Hale* on stage or screen must feel really moved at the news of her death. Early making her reputation on the stage, she brought to her work in the "talkies" an art of acting that was the genuine and not the nickel-plated article. She was a superb character woman. She was also a writer of genuine ability. I suppose that few of her Hollywood confrères realized how many books and short stories Mrs. Hale had to her credit. Her husband, *Walter Hale,* who died in 1917, was a most gifted artist. In my old days on *The Century Magazine,* I remember Mrs. Hale's articles well, with her husband's illustrations. Husband and wife had a great deal of fun taking jaunts together through New England or Virginia and writing and drawing their impressions of the countryside. The first time I ever saw Mrs. Hale act was when she gave her magnificent performance of the grandmother in Zone Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett." I have seen her many times on the screen; just recently and just prior to her death in a film with *Kay Francis* and *Walter Huston*—an old-lady part as usual, the type of part for which Hollywood used her. In "Letty Lynton" with *Joan Crawford*—and, by the way, in spite of the hokum, what a good picture that was!—Mrs. Hale gave one of her best performances, as she did with *Marlene Dietrich* in "Shanghai Express." The last time I saw her in person was several years ago on the verandah at *Kathleen Norris's* ranch in the Santa Clara valley in California. Gracious, interesting, amusing, always intensely alive, Mrs. Hale was one of the world's finest. I salute her passing.

AND OLE DAVIL WISTERIA!

Once and for all, to clear up the spelling of "Wisteria"—which I got quite erudite about sometime ago: A "*Botanist*" has postcarded me that I am "all wrong" to spell it with an "a."

> Nuttall, who gave the genus its name, spelled it Wisteria, and it is an absolute rule of botany that the name given by the original creator must be adhered to. That is the reason why Bailey's Cyclopedia of Horticulture (and all scientific treatises on botany) spell it WISTERIA (not Wistaria). The S. O. E. D. is not an authority on botany, though Americans think dictionaries know everything!

That's certainly a crack at Americans. Miss *Elsie L. Shaw* of Concord, Mass., refers me to Gray's Botany, "rather more of an authority," she says grimly, "on plants and plant names than the Oxford Dictionary." Gray's spells it "Wisteria," and adds a note: "Dedicated to Professor Caspar Wistar, distinguished anatomist of Philadephia," and then, "Wistaria, *a later spelling.*"

Nevertheless, the Encyclopædia Britannica spells it with an "a"! And the distinguished American writer, *Owen Wister,* spells *his* name with an "e," and I always understood that he was of the same family as Professor *Caspar Wistar.* However—that is now positively *all* that I shall write on this evasive shrub! Another correspondent, *H. G. H.,* is chiefly concerned about the fuchsia, whose colors *Mrs. Williamson* inveighed against. H. G. H. calls my attention to the magnificent robes of Richelieu and Mazarin, "cardinal reds, purple and violet capes—ah, they must hide in the wardrobes! A rare old Samarkan rug I know has a mauve ground while here and there in the Chinese pattern are small brick red designs which could not be spared—however, everyone to his taste!"

SPIRIT OF THE WEST

I have received from Ada, Oklahoma, so genuine a letter, from a real man of the West and a good poet, that I am moved to print it *in toto.* Here it is:

Dear Mr. Benét:

Sitting here, full of rebellion, biliousness, and beer, I'm of the notion to write to you. Generally considered as hell's local agent, I am an outcast in the town I grew up with. For many years—since I was a mere pup—I have stared of mornings like this on the main street of a town that deplores me as an example of sin at its worst.

It does not understand that my tempestuousness is only an outcropping of hilarity in a spirit saturated with the essence of the Old West. If I get drunk, and fire my gun in the air a few times after midnight, they throw me in jail. That is no way for people to treat a literary man, you must agree. A poet should have some prerogatives, and when a cow-country one is not even allowed to shoot his gun in the air, you may imagine the state of culture here.

Twenty-five years ago you could shoot the whole damned town to pieces, and still be a worthy and highly respected citizen. I mourn the days that are gone.

Is it true—as I have read—that you can bring a horse into a N. Y. speakeasy, and still be considered morally upright? There is no liberality at all here. I am hemmed in by the taboos of the tailing-out squatter civilization, and I don't like it. I am dreadfully put out that I can't dream the up-soaring glory of a turbulent and romantic time, and then shoot my gun and whoop like an outlaw—poor, weak creature that I am, born too late.

Your friend,
WELBORN HOPE.

AND EVEN FURTHER WEST

To Mr. Hope's declaration should be added a statement from El Centro, California, which Mr. *Leroy Rumsey* writes me is called "The Winter Garden of America (because that's the only time of year you can stand it.)" Mr. Rumsey is less volcanic than Mr. Hope; and here is his letter—all of which goes to show that most of us would rather be "some place else."

Dear Mr. Phœnician:

It has been a long time since my muse has moved me, but down here in the summertime, with the sun gushing thick yellow beams all over everything—well, you can imagine. I'm sending you my latest—and possibly my worst—saga of disillusion. (You must remember, we can't all be T. S. Eliots.) It might do to read to the kiddies during the long winter evenings.

PRAYER FOR A SPEEDY INTERMENT

Six clods of earth to cover me,
A few boards round my bones;
No epitaph placed over me;
No human wails and moans:

Is this too much to ask, O Lord?
Or must I beg for room and board?

Dear me! D'you get it?
I like the punctuation.
Your not very sincerely

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Foreign Literature

An Anarchist's Tragedy

ABRECHNUNG: RANDBEMERKUNGEN ZU LEBEN UND ARBEIT. By John Henry Mackay. Berlin-Charlottenburg: Mackay-Gesellschaft. 1933.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

JOHN HENRY MACKAY died in Berlin last May, and his death was the occasion of little comment. Yet in his day he was a writer of some note; quietly, without striving for publicity, he struggled for an ideal of which there was not much comprehension, and he has departed when the attainment of this ideal seems to be farther off than ever. Apart from the intrinsic literary merits of his writing, his philosophical struggle and its outcome, which form the subject of this little book, have a certain human interest and are sufficient reason for not passing him over in silence.

It seems curious that a writer with such a characteristic Scotch name should never have written in English. But Mackay—as he tells in this "Abrechnung"—was born in February, 1864, at Greenock, near Glasgow. His father was a Scot and his mother a German, and when the father died the mother took her son, aged two, back to Germany, which became his home. The spirit of individualism seems to have been present very early in Mackay's life, and when, eventually, he took to writing as a career, he devoted himself to social and political questions, and above all to the revolt against the tyranny of society. His sympathy with the poor and oppressed did not lead him to any support for socialism; on the contrary, he conceived a violent antipathy to the usual kind of state socialism advocated in Germany before the war. He became a philosophic anarchist, largely under the influence of the anarchist writer Kaspar Schmidt, better known by his pseudonym of Max Stirner, whose serious philosophical work, "The Ego and Its Own," Mackay brought out from the obscurity in which it had been allowed to remain. Max Stirner advocated the complete and absolute liberation of the individual, not only from the laws and prohibitions of society, but even from the restraints which the majority of mankind, by tradition or instinct, tend to place upon themselves. It was in a thoroughgoing a-moralism, in fact, that Stirner affected to see the development and achievement of human happiness.

To that faith—if such it may be called—John Henry Mackay gave his entire allegiance. He compelled students of philosophy to take Stirner seriously; he wrote his biography; he published much comment on his doctrine, and it is owing to Mackay that Stirner, discredited though his thought may be, now occupies a place in any serious history of political philosophy.

Just before his death, deliberately reasserting his faith on the verge of the grave, John Henry Mackay wrote this book. It is, despite its defiance, essentially a confession of tragic failure, and it ends with a modest, pathetic little appeal to all well-wishers to ensure that his work shall not entirely perish. The foundation of the Mackay-Gesellschaft seems to have been the outcome of this, and it may have been some consolation to Mackay to see this, but in other directions there can have been no encouragement. The inflation period had apparently destroyed all his means of livelihood and, even worse, the war seemed to him to have riveted even more tightly than before the chains of the State on the individual, while those, the socialists and communists, who proclaimed most loudly the necessity for liberty, had merely, in Mackay's view, invented a different and a worse kind of fetter. There is a kind of pathos and fatefulness about this book, especially in relation to present-day conditions, which gives it a distinct human interest.

Maupassant and Flaubert

GUY DE MAUPASSANT. By René Dumesnil. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin. 1933.

Reviewed by JOSEPH F. JACKSON

IT is peculiarly fitting that Maupassant should be treated by René Dumesnil, who brings to his task—a labor of love, according to him—all the qualities that his titles imply. An erstwhile Rouennais, M. Dumesnil is the ultimate authority on Flaubert. Not only is he thoroughly conversant with Flaubert, but he was intimately acquainted with Henry Céard, with whose collaboration he began the present work in the pre-war days, and a regenerate Huysmans. Both Céard and Huysmans were members of the Médan group, whose *Soirées* brought fame to Maupassant for his "Boule de Suif."

M. Dumesnil has not attempted to present a complete picture of Maupassant, limiting himself to various aspects, hitherto inadequately treated, which serve to explain the man and his work. There are, for example, detailed studies of Caux and the Cauchois, whose characteristics are so indelibly stamped upon Maupassant and his writings, his heredity, the role of his uncle, Alfred Le Poittevin, in his influence upon young Guy and in bringing him into close contact with Flaubert, the literary relations between the two, Maupassant's early struggles and eventual success, the essential unity of his work. Dumesnil finds the types of practically all Maupassant's stories in the first collection, "La Maison Tellier" (1881).

Here and there the author explodes a few legends, such as the supposed paternity of Flaubert and the indication of Maupassant's incipient madness in "Le Horla," a subject suggested by a friend. One might have expected an extensive and penetrating treatment of Maupassant's malady from the pen of a medical man, but M. Dumesnil merely touches on it, leaving us perhaps more in the dark than before. The author obviously feels that this delicate subject has already received undue attention. He points out justly that Maupassant's feverish productivity—two hundred and sixty *nouvelles* and short stories, seven full-length novels, three travel books, three plays, and a volume of verse in the space of exactly ten years—can scarcely be attributable to pathological causes, especially in view of the unity of his work.

M. Dumesnil's book, while richly documented, is extremely absorbing. The part which deals with Flaubert is, of course, particularly sympathetic, but the most stimulating is the description of Caux and its inhabitants. Not only has the author succeeded in recreating a country and a people, but he evokes a region where earth, sky, and sea make one, the "Porte Océane" of M. Herriot, a land which bears the imprint of the Norsemen and the Normans of the conquests, a venturesome and roving race. And, while the same blood courses in their veins today, there are Normans patiently performing their humble task with plowshare and fishnet. Is it not this combination of Viking adventurousness and peasant self-discipline which explains to a great degree the restrained flights of fancy of a Flaubert and a Maupassant, which occasionally broke the bonds in rich glimpses of the Orient and the Mediterranean? For realism was a hair shirt to the high priest of art steeped in romanticism, and the young man of the woods and rivers must have champed furiously at the bit imposed by his harsh taskmaster.

Latest Books Received

(*Continued from page* 32)

Sainte-Beuve. Trans. E. J. Trechmann. Oxford Univ. Pr. 2 vols. 80 cents each.

FICTION

Dead Mrs. Stratton. A. Berkeley. Crime Club. $2. *The Wooden Doctor.* M. Evans. Houghton. $2. *The American Omnibus.* Ed. Carl Van Doren. Doubleday. $2.75. *The Progress of Julius.* D. du Maurier. Doubleday. $2.50. *The Works of Aretino:* Dialogue, including the Courtezan Letters and "Sonnets." P. Aretino. Trans. S. Putnam. Covici. 2 vols. $1 each. *The Snows of Helicon.* H. M. Tomlinson. Harp. $2.50. *The Mad Hatter Mystery.* J. D. Carr. Harp. $2. *Lost Fragrance.* A. E. Lambert. Vang. $2. *Yonder Lies Jericho.* S. B. Harrison. Appleton. $2. *The Last of the Thundering Herd.* B. Neal. Sears. $2.50. *Jealous Mountains.* G. Whitsett. Centaur. $3. *The Island of Youth.* D. Byrne. Appl. $1.75. *The Lion of Petra.* T. Mundy. Appl. $2. *The Unenchanted Circle.* R. Latimer. Appl. $2. *Original Design.* E. Beswick. Minton. $2.50. *The Stolen March.* D. Yates. Minton. $2. *The Paradine Case.* R. Hichens. Doubleday. $2.50. *Timid Woman.* Ann Dupre. Macmil. $2.

INTERNATIONAL

American Policy in the Pacific. Ed. E. M. Patterson. Am. Acad. of Pol. & Social Science. *Modern Germany.* P. Kosok. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $3.

MISCELLANEOUS

Thinking Success Into Business. F. N. Welsh and F. L. Gordon. Chicago: Whitman. $2. *Venus Castina.* C. J. Bullitt. Covici. $1. *Apples and Madonnas.* C. J. Bullitt. Covici. $1. *French Travellers in the United States,* 1765-1932. F. Monaghan. N. Y. Public Library. *The Sailing Rules in Yacht Racing.* G. E. Hills. Scrib. $2.75. *In a Week-End Garden.* M. S. Welch. Sears. $2.50. *Norwegian-American Studies and Records.* Northfield, Minn.: Norwegian-American Hist. Soc. $2. *Bibliographer's Glossary of Foreign Words and Phrases.* B. Cowles. Bowker. *The Educational Talking Picture.* F. L. Devereux. University of Chicago Pr. $2. *Guide to Chicago.* J. Drury. Chicago: Consolidated Book Publishers. 50 cents.

POETRY

Love Poems and Other Works of Catullus. Trans. H. Gregory. Covici. $1.

RELIGION

The Mystery of the Cross. N. Söderblom. Trans. A. G. Hebert. Milwaukee: Morehouse. 50 cents. *Yesterday, Today and For Ever.* G. D. Rosenthal. Milwaukee: Morehouse. $2.50.

TRAVEL

The Cruise of the Zaca. T. Crocker. Harp. $3. *Babel Visited.* J. G. Lockhart. Milwaukee: Morehouse. $1.25.

PHILOSOPHY

General Psychology. G. Murphy. Harp. $3.50.

Erratum

By a regrettable error "The Mystery of the Cape Cod Players," by Phoebe Atwood Taylor, reviewed last week in the Criminal Record, was attributed to the wrong publisher. The book is issued by W. W. Norton & Co.

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by STELLA BENSON

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CAPTAIN'S CURIO *Eden Philpotts* (Macmillan: $2.)	Inoffensive old Englishman is killed and robbed between 9:30 and 9:45 p. m. among life long friends, thus puzzling Scotland Yard.	Very nice problem in deduction, this one, with painstaking detective whose "reconstruction" of crime comes within ten seconds of killing him.	Capital
DEAD MRS. STRATTON *Anthony Berkeley* (Crime Club: $2.)	You see the lady murdered before your eyes: later disbelieve your eyesight and trust clever Roger Sheringham: but later. . . .	Brilliant exercise in fixing clues, masking murderers and faking alibis with lively British house party as scene, marital infelicity as motive.	Excellent
THE TRIUMPH OF McLEAN *George Goodchild* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	"Scorpion," invisible master-mind, kills and kills and kills until Inspector McLean of Scotland Yard takes up goriest of trails.	Guns, knives, poison, blood-hounds, landslides among lethal features of tale which ends in battle on Brink of Horrible Chasm.	Tripe
THE MAD HATTER MYSTERY *John Dickson Carr* (Harpers: $2.)	Hat stealing practical joker crowns exploits with silk-toppered corpse in Tower of London which nearly stumps erudite Dr. Fell.	Literary-historical background spices mystery which involves stolen Poe mss. erring wife, jealous husband, scatter-brained lover and ponderous but effective sleuth.	Fair

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REASONABLE board in old college town in beautiful mountains of Virginia; tours through the "Valley." Address P. O. Box 773, Lexington, Virginia.

EDITOR will rent half her country house near Philadelphia to poet; $15 month. Beautiful surroundings, quiet and chance to work creatively. In answering send samples of your verse. Address Box 203, care of Saturday Review.

IN 1920 was published "Shakespeare Identified," J. T. Looney, London. This work showed so clearly that Edward DeVere was "Shake-speare" that no Professor of English Literature in England or America has dared mention it much less refute it. Cowards that they are, they prefer to teach our children a lot of rot about a man born in Stratford-upon-Avon, who had not the slightest interest in the great plays. When College Professors act in that cheap manner, why not tell the world about them? George Frisbee.

STRUGGLING young author between the ages of thirty to forty can find home and small salary, in exchange for light secretarial duties with elderly couple of some literary taste and, we hope, consideration. Reference. Address "North Carolina," care of Saturday Review.

"'LET'S LOOK for dragons,' I said to Pooh." Has anyone seen——? Zig.

ADELINE: The Duchess of Hartwell salutes the Countess of Navajo. Ain't we got fun?

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

The Doubleday, Doran Bookshops, Philadelphia, seem to have had direct replies as well as those sent me to forward. They write:—

"PERHAPS you would like one more proof of the very wide reading your column receives. You very kindly repeated in your column our request for information about an article or book concerned with a trip around the world by a young couple. From Maine to Florida came floods of letters telling us in what issue of the *National Geographic* this article appeared; librarians, nice old ladies, old seamen (apparently) who etched out their letters painfully in pale, thin ink, and one or two business men. A 'phone call was put through to enlighten us. We really received far too many letters to acknowledge them all. Would it be asking too much to give them a great big thank-you in the Reader's Guide?"

J. E. P., Osterville, Mass., asks if any English translation of any part of "The Nuremberg Chronicle" (1493) ever appeared, and if any books or essays have been written upon it. There was, he says, a German translation published about the time of the original Latin: further than that he would like to know.

I think I am quite safe in saying that there is no English translation of "The Nuremberg Chronicle," nor any account of this work other than brief references in catalogues, etc., and reproductions of some of the blocks. I speak thus firmly because I at once referred the matter to a prime authority in this department of learning, Mr. W. Turner Berry, Librarian of St. Bride Foundation Libraries, Bride Lane, London, and he gave me this assurance, confirming it by further research.

B. R. M., Chicago, asks: "Will you tell me where among all the cookbooks published I may find one that will lend variety to my menus and still not increase my budget? I have to economize, but I weary of the same old meals and long for the dishes one has always heard about and used to order." I still think that Sheila Hibben's "National Cookbook" (Harper) is the best one yet published in this country: it is well called a "Kitchen Americana," being a document of social history as well as a practical guide to the construction of native food. But to a dweller in a large city, hungry for restaurant food as this inquirer seems to be, there is nothing that comes with such a bounce as George Rector's manual published by the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company—I don't know at what price for some sweet soul sent me a copy to London without a label. The practical point of this book is that its recipes are really so simple: they are inexpensive in the sense that they prevent experiments that turn out something nobody can eat. Speaking as one who has cooked passionately on everything from a woodfire to an electric grill, as one who can say with a smirk that her Hollandaise is all right, I recommend these directions whether for show pieces or family fillers. The author's aim seems to be to overcome the inferiority complex caused by French names on the menu: if a doctor should adopt this attitude toward the wording (and illegibility) of prescriptions, what would become of the prestige of the medical profession? But this book blandly tells us whenever we see Florentine to look for spinach, that "when *Soubise* is on the menu, there's an odor of onions in the kitchen; just as when *Provençale* makes its appearance, garlic is not far behind." But, says he, "the purpose is not to unmask them all. I merely want to point out that soup is soup, and once we get that firmly in our minds, no soup can ever, ever highhat us again whether it's *potage*, or *purée*, or *bouillon*." English waiters long since overcame such bashfulness. Offering you a card with two long names, *à la something*, at the top, they will ask cheerfully "thick or clear, sir?" and that's that.

The temptation is to quote the anecdotes snapping at the foot of these pages. I suppose the work may be obtained through any A. & P. But remember, it is essentially New York cookery of the nineties, which means Franco-American. Mrs. Hibben's "National Cook-Book" is historic food, such as New Yorkers go home to eat.

H. G. R., Boston, Mass., asks if Macaulay ever made a prophecy about America, to which he has heard reference but of which he can find nothing in his works. This question comes so often to reference librarians and others who deal with books that in 1925 H. M. Lydenberg published (New York Public Library, 40 cents) a pamphlet giving the four letters written by Macaulay to Henry S. Randall, who had sent him a life of Jefferson. In one of these occurs the passage in question, which seems to come up every time we have had a serious economic upset:—

> But the time will come when New England will be as thickly populated as old England. Wages will be as low and will fluctuate as much with you as with us. You will have your Manchesters and Birminghams, and in these Manchesters and Birminghams thousands of artisans will assuredly be out of work. Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test.
>
> The day will come, when, in the state of New York, a multitude of people, none of whom has had more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a Legislature. I seriously apprehend that you will, in some such season of adversity . . . do things which will prevent prosperity from returning.

THE University of North Carolina Press writes to tell *N. M., La Salle, Colorado,* interested in new books on Mark Twain, that on October 28 this Press will publish "Mark Twain, Son of Missouri," by M. M. Brashear.

R. H. L., New York, suggests to the inquirer in *Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.,* interested in hymns, the historical edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" published by Mowbray of London and the Oxford University Press here. It has for every hymn not only the usual form but also all the variants and their history, also details concerning authors and circumstances. He reminds me, to my chagrin, that I left out the great authority, Julian's "Hymnology" published here by Scribner. This famous work should have headed the list.

HALE, CUSHMAN and FLINT, whose publication "The Scented Garden" was lately suggested for a collection of herb-garden books, say that they also have on hand a limited quantity of Miss Eleanour Rhode's "A Garden of Herbs," the revised and enlarged edition, published in England by Herbert Jenkins and in this country by this firm. It has 293 pages and nine illustrations.

I. H. B., Memphis, Tenn., asks where she can find more about the theory of Dean Wallace Donham that "Alice in Wonderland" has a double meaning and that Tenniel's illustrations are in some instances political cartoons? I wonder how many have written to Mr. Arthur Ruhl (whose address they could find in "Who's Who") asking about this, since his article on the finding of the Snark appeared in the March 18th, 1933, number of this review? Unfortunately, I know no more than there appears. People are always reading double meanings into "Alice": in the current *London Mercury* there is an article by Shane Leslie claiming it as a satire on the Oxford Movement whose centenary is now being celebrated. As for political possibilities, setting aside any that may or may not be inherent in the work, I have found six fairly well-known political parodies of the book, from H. H. Munro's "The Westminster Alice" in 1902, to "Alice in the Delighted States," Edward Hope's light-hearted but devastating parody published not long before the depression set in. For my own part, it seems to me the work of a man who would go to any trouble—and think it none—to make a child happy; who, being a mathematician, which means a philosopher, could take the eternal verities to pieces for a little girl's entertainment. For which reason there is not a modern discovery in these high regions, however abstruse it may seem to the lay mind, that has not an illuminating reference waiting for it in "Alice," or, even better, in "Through the Looking-Glass." And a contemporary astronomer famous the world over can pause midway of a dizzying exposition and say "And as that ardent exponent of relativity, the White Queen in 'Alice,' says—"

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CIRCULATION DEPT.
The Saturday Review of Literature
25 West 45 St., New York

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"... mostly he goes alone."

With the publication of *Wolf Solent* five years ago JOHN COWPER POWYS kept an oft-deferred rendezvous with fame. For twenty years this solitary wayfarer from England had been striding great strides across America, speaking like a man possessed, and writing as he spoke. For twenty years he had been flinging his prophetic fervor, his well-nigh apocalyptic vision, his passionate and unrepentant romanticism against the unheeding walls of a skeptical and machine-mad modernism. A few readers had kept the faith in his strange genius—and shared it as a secret—until *Wolf Solent* brought abounding glory, the more dazzling for its tardy appearance.

But England first stubbornly withheld, and then only grudgingly proffered the garment of praise to this lonely and uncompromising figure, who traced his ancestry to the ancient princes of mid-Wales, and in whose veins flows the blood of JOHN DONNE and WILLIAM COWPER.

It is therefore particularly exciting and immensely gratifying to report that with the publication this month of the British edition of the latest novel by MR. POWYS, *A Glastonbury Romance*, he has at long last attained, in the land of his fathers, his destined day of magnificent fulfillment.

In London, *A Glastonbury Romance* is enjoying a critical reception of the most spectacular, the most breath-taking sort. A sheaf of cables from the British publishers, JOHN LANE—THE BODLEY HEAD, and a mass of clippings from the British press indicate this beyond question. The acclaim is marked by unanimity, by authority, by sheer splendor. It is the best news *The Inner Sanctum* has received since The New Deal was inaugurated. Conservative critics like J. D. BERESFORD and HUGH WALPOLE do not hesitate to compare POWYS with HARDY and TOLSTOY. And these are not mere hysterical raptures. In the words of EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, "they have their reasons."

Mark well this tribute from The Thunderer itself:

> A GLASTONBURY ROMANCE *is a truly extraordinary novel. It stands out, indeed, in the most astonishing way, from the great mass of present-day fiction: a very earthquake of a book, bewildering, if you like, shocking, even infuriating, yet incontestably great. What a magnificent panorama is unfolded! And it is much more than the story of one English town through the ages; it is, rather, a story of that epic struggle between good and evil which belongs to all men and all time. It is a big book, an important book; possibly the most important book that we have had for some time, or are likely to have in the near future.*—THE LONDON TIMES.

The Inner Sanctum is proud to have published the following works of JOHN COWPER POWYS in America:
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1930—*In Defense of Sensuality*, $3.00
1929—*Wolf Solent* (*two volumes*), $5.00

—ESSANDESS.

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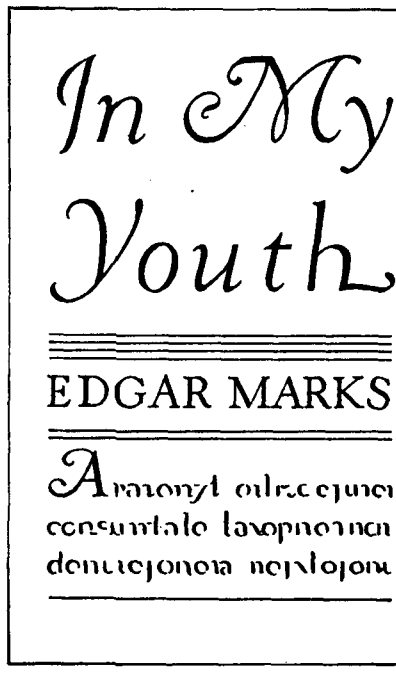
Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Strange psychic experience of poor old Quercus. Young Quercus, supposed to be the hard-working member of this pair, was away on his vacation, so P. E. G. had no business to take a Day Off. He did so however and spent it at the beach where he swam, lay upon hot rocks, and thoroughly heliotroped himself. That was bad enow, but afterward he ate an enormous dinner together with a bottle of Mouquin's 3.2 champagne—which considered as champagne is an excellent sparkling grape juice but fills senile Quercus with old memories of the Book Trade and The Boys who used to sit around Mouquin's marble-topped tables when they should better have been devilling Baker & Taylor or Minnie Whaley or Grace Gaige (a blessing on her memory). ☞As a result, when he realized it was time to put down some copy on paper the gloomy Dane was so sleepy that he was fit only for that new detective story *The Case of the Sulky Girl* which William Morrow and Co. are shortly to publish. But he tore himself away from the galley proofs and sat loathsome down to ink and quill.

☞Followed the Strange Case of the Drowsy Journalist. He passed into a trance; what good old Mrs. Piper would have called Automatic Writing. His hand went scrawling off on its own. At first it made only illegible uncials, and you know how illegible they are. Then a word seemed to form itself. *Sanford,* it said. *Sanford. . . . Sanford's Library. . . .* Who is Sanford wondered poor old Quercus, heavy with his drowse, and what about his library? . . he had a vision of shelves and shelves of books to be collated, catalogued, reviewed . . . . he shuddered . . . . then another word trailed out of the pen . . . . *Paste.* Sanford's Library Paste! The editor's salvation, quotha ☞His Spirit Control (who can it have been?) was bidding him paste up some of the many items of hopeful goof that come in the mail. . . . No sooner said than at it! Every editor's home has scissors and paste handy. . . . It was done in no time, he fell on the couch with the *Sulky Girl* and was soon fast asleep.

☞Quercus had a pleasant visit: a young artist from Baltimore, Mr. Reynard Biemiller, who has ideas of his own about typographical design and layout. We were so pleased with his work we asked him to do an imaginary title-page for us so we might reproduce it, and here it is. Mr. Biemiller has talent and we prophesy good success for him. *In My Youth* and



"Edgar Marks" are entirely fictions of Mr. Biemiller's cerebral skillet. ☞When Old Quercus is drinking beer he usually chooses Rheingold because it was first brewed in Brooklyn in 1855, the year of *Leaves of Grass.* ☞We're getting used to it now, but when we first saw one of the new saloons, with a bar open and public and legal—after all those years of surreptitious drinking, it seemed unbelievable. The place that gave us that First Astonishment was at Columbus Avenue and 73rd; a pleasant place to stop for a sandwich after a little book-hunting at O'Malley's near-by. I've always wished Mr. O'Malley would tell us some anecdotes of his beginnings in the book trade but when I see him I'm too bashful to ask. ☞I enjoyed the ballad in a recent Dauber & Pine catalogue, by Kenneth Abrams Fowler—the first stanza:—

The prey I'd stalked, with wary tread,
From shelf to shelf, from store to store,
And in each shop I visited
Terse tongues the same swift answer bore.
Answer provocative of war,
Born of gross braggadocio!
The clerk would yawn before he swore:
"We sold it just two hours ago!"

☞The pleasantest name for a publishing house is the Box of Curios Printing & Publishing Co. of Yokohama . . . . and the most curious book they ever printed is that delightful *The Nightless City, or the History of the Yoshiwara Yukwaku* (by J. E. De Becker) which tells how to behave de rigueur in an Oriental divan. . . . John Mistletoe, who doesn't often come to town, says that the signs along the roads

SHAKESPEARE POINTS WITH PRIDE
(From a Staffordshire statuette, courtesy Boston Antique Shop, 59 Beacon St., Boston)

in New England gave him a fine title for a story, viz: SOFT SHOULDERS ☞With the subtitle SLIPPERY WHEN WET ☞He has on his car one of those horns (you must have heard them) that play the first four mellow notes of *How Dry I Am* ☞Ange Fagnano, of the Doubleday, Doran Bookshops, has sent Old Quercus another of his engaging little rhymes:—

Horse Sense
If your horse refuse to canter
Treat him to a little banter.

If he seems to go too slow
Sing a song of Tally-Ho.

Posting, gallop or a walk
He is sure to want some talk.

If he tries to run away
Be sure to have him run my way.

I hope (and believe) there is a double meaning in this ditty. ☞There are a lot of good books coming along for the autumn. The new W. R. Burnett novel (*Dark Hazard*) is fine vigorous yarn; the title does not imply the glooms of chance but is the name of a racing greyhound. ☞The Chautauqua Reading Circle is already using Pearsall Smith's *On Reading Shakespeare,* they couldn't wait for the book's general distribution, we don't blame them, it's very likely the most stimulating little book on W. S. ever written. (Harcourt.)

☞Speaking of catalogues, it must be nearly time for the 4th section of that quite remarkable catalogue *Along the North Wall* from the Argus Book Shop, Chicago. We've always wanted to make a visitor from Chicago feel at home by taking him to see La Salle Street in New York City. Did you know there is one? Yes, the lineally western extension of 125th Street. ☞Did anyone ever compile a Catalogue of Catalogues—e.g, the 100 finest Booksellers' Catalogues ever issued? Some of the best, for the practical and medium-pursed zealots, have been those of good old G. A. Baker & Co., 247 Park Ave., whom we haven't seen in a long while. ☞But poor old Quercus is devotee of catalogues, they help him to postpone work, he can spend a whole evening on the almanacs of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root or Dr. Jayne's Vermifuge and Carminative to say nothing of the Expectorant.

THE MYSTERY HALL OF FAME

No. 1 . . .
ANTHONY BERKELEY
and "Roger Sheringham"

Most reviews of Anthony Berkeley's books begin like this one in the *New York Sun:* "Even the most inveterate and jaded of detective story readers will find in this book a new twist and a freshness of approach" or this from the *Boston Transcript:* "The story is more interesting, more intriguing, more cleverly written, and far more original than the popular *Van Dine* books."

In other words, Berkeley brings to the mystery story that rarest of all qualities—true originality. Add to that macabre good humor, the beer-drinking criminologist, Mr. Roger Sheringham, a plot full of suspense and unexpected turns—and you have the formula that has made Anthony Berkeley's books the international success they have been for years.

Berkeley himself is the founder of the famous Detection Club of London, and author of a dozen crime best-sellers. He has been suspected by Alexander Woollcott of being concerned in the publication of Francis Iles' masterpiece of last fall, *Before the Fact,* possibly because of his brilliant and provocative style; but then the *New York Mirror* has accused Mr. Woollcott of being the real author of the same book, so honors seem to be even.

DEAD MRS. STRATTON is his newest book, just published, the Crime Club selection for August. It has, say readers who saw advance copies, the most startling ending of any mystery since *The Case of Roger Ackroyd.* There, you remember, it suddenly appeared that the narrator was the murderer. Here the surprise is vastly different, but just as breath-taking and unexpected. You see a murder committed—*but is what you see the truth?* In this tale of the painfully disagreeable lady missing from a murder party and later found in a curious and unexpected situation (with a rope around her neck) all the elements are before you—but finding the answer is another question. For sheer enjoyment, and the kind of icy trickle along the spine that you'll welcome in hot weather, we recommend this book. $2.00 at every bookstore from coast to coast.

Check this list of new Crime Club thrillers. Your dealer will be glad to show them to you. Like all Crime Club books they represent the best in current mystery fiction—guaranteed by the Crime Club trademark, $2.00 everywhere.

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P. C. RICHARDSON'S FIRST CASE
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